VOL. XIII. (No. 2) OCTOBER, 1915 No. 50

THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Theosophical Quarterly

Published by The Theosophical Society at
159 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Europe single numbers may be obtained from and subscriptions sent to Dr. Archibald Keightley, 46 Brook Street, London, W., England.

Price for non-members, $1.00 per annum; single copies, 25 cents.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIII., No. 2.

PAGE

NOTES AND COMMENTS 113
FRAGMENTS 120
THE HOLY SPIRIT, III 123
THE TELL-TALE PICTURE GALLERY 133
LETTERS TO FRIENDS XV 137
MAHOMET 144
A SEARCH FOR THE SOUL 153
A FLOWERY PATH TO HEAVEN 168
WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY 174
ON THE SCREEN OF TIME 177
STANDARDS OF CONDUCT 193
REVIEWS 197
Ruysbroeck; The War and After.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS 200
Shall We Call Others Attention to Their Faults? Why Are Moments of Inspiration Temporary? Spiritual Contagion; Superior Prayer; Initiation; Faith; Reactions.
T. S. ACTIVITIES 203
BOOK NOTICES 208

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

Entered July 17, 1903, at Brooklyn, N. Y., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of July 16, 1894.

Copyright, 1915, by The Theosophical Society.

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
OCT 20 1915
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

OCTOBER, 1915

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

THE LODGE AND THE WAR

A Conjecture

TO begin with, it is wise to say once more, what has been said so often, that, for the views and opinions expressed in this or any other article in The Theosophical Quarterly, The Theosophical Society, as such, is in no way responsible; nor are the Editors responsible for the views of any article; though they are responsible for its compliance with the general rules of Theosophical discussion: "Gently to hear; kindly to judge." But, as has also been said again and again, the Theosophical attitude, the true principle of tolerance, in no sense binds one to tolerate evil, or to call evil good. There are situations, and many of them, when to tolerate evil is to become an accessory to that evil; when to gloss over sins against the spirit of truth and righteousness, is to poison the wells of life; to co-operate with the active, alert, malevolent Powers of Darkness.

All who have read more than superficially in the literature of our movement, and this will mean the whole cycle of the religious and spiritual literature of mankind, have had borne in upon their consciousness, to the point of forming an unshakable conviction, that there are very real Powers of Darkness, active Forces of Evil, as conscious, as deliberate, as full of purpose, as individual, as are the holy forces that oppose them, the Masters of the White Lodge. Perhaps the writings of H. P. Blavatsky have rendered no more signal service than this: to bring out, in striking relief, the picture of these two opposing armies, the Lodge of Light and the Lodge of Darkness.

All who have read, with any understanding, the book of their own hearts, will have realized that this eternal conflict is raging there. "As

above, so below." And if we see it in ourselves, as all but fools must, we should be worse than fools if we failed to recognize that our own daily struggles are but the reflection of this cosmic strife. Logic compels us to see in the infinite all that the finite contains; to see in the finite—even in the infinitely little—the utmost of infinity. To scoff at the War in Heaven is to be blind to the facts of life.

Practically everything that H. P. Blavatsky has written concerning spiritual life bears directly on this: the work of the White Lodge with its disciples; the powers of Masters; the conditions of discipleship. And at every point it is made startlingly clear that the Masters of Evil oppose the Masters of Good; the forces of uncleanness and bestiality and tyranny war against the forces of holiness and of light. Those who go through H. P. Blavatsky's writings seeking for clues, for fuller information concerning this grim fact, will find a very complete revelation of the methods and aims of the opposing forces, and will gradually come to realize that the tense, unending battle between them covers the whole field of life; not only the more hidden realms of consciousness, through all the regions of the astral world, but our daily life also, in all its activities.

It becomes evident, too, that this gigantic struggle has gone on from the beginning of human evolution; from the vastly remote epochs when what is now humanity was far less material, far more astral; not yet consolidated to the concrete form we are familiar with. And it becomes evident that the presence of enormous possibilities of evil is inevitable. For it was the Divine Purpose from the beginning to endow the souls of men with marvellous powers, with an archangel's reach and potency; and the possibility of good carries with it, inevitably, the possibility of evil. It is conceivable that beings might have been formed, able to wield enormous forces in one way only, along one line only, without the possibility of going astray. But these would be automata, not archangels. And the development of divine beings with free will and unlimited power, which is the purpose of Divinity, means, and must mean that these beings, once endowed with power, may either use or misuse it. In this sense, God created evil; for He allowed the two alternatives: the free choice between good and evil; between obedience and rebellion.

There have been, therefore, at every stage of the vast progression of our spiritual development, great powers that have chosen good; that have set themselves, through sacrifice and obedience, to carry out, to strengthen and fortify, the work of the Divine Will; the work of the White Lodge, in which is embodied the Divine Will for our humanity. And there have been likewise rebels, who, knowing the good, have chosen the evil; seeing holiness, have preferred foulness, rejecting love and choosing malevolence. And these Powers of Darkness have built

up their organization, their Black Lodge, compact, determined, vigilant; unwearying as only the highest powers, whether of good or evil, are unwearying.

It will follow also that the continued life of these Powers of Evil depends on the maintenance of conditions, which one may call astral or spiritual, consonant with their natures. It is said that certain of the fouler astral organisms can live and grow strong only on the fumes of alcohol or of blood, and that, in order to obtain these, they ceaselessly incite to drunkenness and murder. On a far greater scale, and in a deeper sense, the Powers of Evil, the Masters of the Black Lodge and their disciples, can continue to exist only so long as the aura of humanity is full of evil and darkness, of malevolence and lust, of tyrannous wrath and bestiality. There must be this gross material in the atmosphere of the world. Otherwise the Powers of Evil will starve to death. This poison is as necessary for their existence as carbonic acid gas, which is fatal to human life, is necessary to the life of plants. But while the plants absorb carbonic acid and give off pure oxygen, the Powers of Evil multiply evil, as filth breeds filthy organisms, increasingly destructive.

The power and purity of the White Lodge is fatal to the Powers of Evil, as light dispels darkness. And the White Lodge and its Masters would remain unassailable, if they were willing to dwell altogether in their own high world. But, since their very essence is love and helpfulness—because they embody the great Divine Purpose for all mankind—therefore the Masters of Light have never consented, and can never consent, so to withdraw behind their unassailable battlements. They ceaselessly mingle their life with ours, and thereby render themselves vulnerable, to that degree, to the shafts of evil. Hence there are wounds that can never be healed until the wounds of humanity are healed.

Humanity, therefore, with its races, its individuals, is and has always been the daily and hourly battleground between the forces of Good and the forces of Evil: "War in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon; and the Dragon fought and his angels." And that fight is being waged now, as in heaven, so on earth. There have been, in the past, climacteric epochs, when the Powers of Good and the Powers of Evil have faced each other more palpably, more visibly. The scriptures of all nations hold echoes of these "wars between the Gods and the Titans," these contests between the forces of Ormuzd and the forces of Ahriman. And, beneath the thin veil of symbolism, they are absolutely historical; they are recurrent; they take such forms as the World War that rages today.

In the writings, already referred to, of H. P. Blavatsky, one finds certain of these world-conflicts between Good and Evil clearly depicted,

stripped of their mythological veils; such a contest was that between the Aryans and the Atlanteans, in which Masters openly took part on either side. The sins which gradually ranged the Atlanteans on the side of Evil, which made their civilization a fitting vehicle for the incarnation of the greater Powers of Evil, are there set forth at length. They rest on two chief principles: rebellious will, and bestial self-indulgence; and both strengthen and increase that foul aura of evil on which these detestable beings live, as maggots live on rottenness.

In that contest, the devils were scotched, not killed; and they have ever since looked forward to renewing the campaign, with better fortune, planning with endless patience, with subtle craft, with desperate determination. For decisive defeat means for them a ghastly disintegration, irremediable death, death from which there will be no resurrection. Therefore they fight, and at this moment are fighting, with the energy of despair, knowing that for them defeat will mean "a night with no to-morrow." Therefore they fight with infinite cunning, for the powers of the intellect, misused, are, in a sense, their special prerogative, and enormous natural and supernatural forces are available for their purposes.

If we think once more of the principle on which rests their life; the cold, deliberate choice of evil, the lucid determination to rebel against the Divine Will and the Divine Light, in order to follow out the purposes of their own wills, in boundless, bestial self-indulgence, we shall be able to determine the hall-marks of their presence and their work. The assertion of the will against the Will of God—which is the essence of evil—must mean, equally, the assertion of that will against the lawful will and liberty of others; therefore a gross and truculent tyranny will always indicate the handiwork of these bullying Powers of Evil. Arrogance, vanity, evil ambition—the purpose to grow strong by weakening others—are of the very essence of their atmosphere. Therefore, when they find the sparks of these evil passions in the hearts of men and of nations, they will sedulously fan them into flame. It is always their interest to strengthen the arrogant, to flatter the vain, to encourage base ambitions, since they wax and grow strong on the evil vapors of these sins; since every evil will and base purpose strengthens and reinforces their wills, and so gives them a new lease of life. Therefore, if the Powers of Evil detect, in nations or in individuals, the seeds of arrogant vanity, they will do all in their power—and their power is vast—to feed that arrogance with evil success, to gratify that base ambition, so that the man or the nation who serves them will find himself, or itself, rich in their evil treasure, successful with their foul success.

The relation of the Powers of Evil to the intellect has been spoken of. They have a subtle insight into the laws of material life, a resourceful mastery over the grosser, and some of the subtler, forces of nature.

And they are capable of inspiring and fostering the same knowledge in others: in those who, through the seed of evil in their characters, are, at first unconsciously, the potential disciples of the Black Lodge. A large development of material science, therefore, is, and has always been, within the scope and policy of the Black Lodge. It was so in the days of Atlantis. It is so equally today.

With this highly developed material science will go a philosophy to match: a creed that rests in unbelief, a faith in faithlessness, a devotion to treachery. There will come, gradually instilled into the nation which, by its inclination, has made itself the vehicle of evil, a doctrine of Satanism, a glorification of the brute, hymns of praise to bestiality, a sapping of belief in whatever things are true, whatever things are holy. And, from generation to generation, side by side with immense efficiency and energy—for the Black Lodge is compact and untiring—there will go on this progressive degeneration of the moral nature, this corroding of the moral fibre, until all vestiges of more humane and benignant life are rotted away, and there remain no obstacles at all in the natures of these neophytes of evil, to impede the full tide of cruelty and bestiality in which the Black Lodge finds its account.

Corroding unfaith, scepticism, a disbelief, openly professed, in all things good: in loyalty, sacrifice, purity, love; this is one of the surest signs of the presence of the Black Lodge, in a nation or in an individual. And this profound practical atheism may go with loud professions of national religion, or blasphemous familiarity with the majesty of God. For the devils are hypocrites and traitors from the beginning.

This principle of treason is another hall-mark of the Black Lodge which ceaselessly promises, only to leave its victims cheated and blasted in the end. Treachery: therefore we shall see international unfaith, the brazen defence of broken pledges, the cynical, lying attribution of these same procedures to opponents, invariably present in the nation or nations that have given themselves into the hands of the Black Lodge. It is an old trick of the devils, to try to besmear the angels with their own foulness.

Yet another side of this treachery, and a foul and ugly one, is the wide-spread practice of personal treason. When the nation which has been stamped with the sign of Satan—wearing on the forehead the mark of the beast—accepts the creed of international treachery and lying, the individuals of that nation, men and women, share the karma and the shame, and presently they will be found trying, by personal treason, to further the same evil ends. They find their account in a certain evil vanity, puffed up by the sense of their nation's strength and invincibility. So, where they come into touch with the men and women of other

nations, and especially in positions of trust, they make haste to cheat and lie. And the spy-service of that country becomes an international menace, a living danger to the honour and honesty and safety of the whole of humanity. Treachery then, and the wide-spread organization of treachery—always under the hypocritical guise of national service—is another hall-mark of the active and sinister presence of the Black Lodge.

Lying will go with treachery. The creed of lies, accepted as part of that nation's gospel, will so corrupt and corrode the moral nature of its members, that simple truth in any relation will become impossible. The whole nation will end by lying to each other and to themselves. There will be a methodical, systematic misrepresentation of the motives and acts of other nations, a cynical attribution to them also of motives treacherous, false, dishonorable. The whole nation will be fed on lies, defaming and inflammatory lies, and always—with true devil's hypocrisy —in the name of righteousness and truth, God being ceaselessly called on, to witness to the testimony.

Then, after long preparation by the subtle, fiercely energetic and untiring Powers of Evil, there will come the time when the Black Lodge thinks itself strong enough to fight once more openly against the Light, powerful enough to retrieve the great disaster, when the standards of Atlantis were beaten down. The principles of bullying and lying will set about their task, and the close-knit forces of evil will be let loose upon the world—amid a flood of treachery and fraud. And the weapons of that army of darkness, once it has opened its road by treason and lying, will be abominable cruelty and detestable terrorism, a cruelty that not only does not spare non-combatants, but that, at its climax, finds its crowning joy in foul assaults on women, in the torture and murder of children.

It has been said before, in these Notes, that one of the menaces of our time is the pretence that "the devil is a gentleman," far better company than the smug tedious angels. The devils have but one trick better than such a belief as that; and this is the belief that the devils themselves are myths. It is one of the ghastly benefits of the year through which we have lived, that this veil at least has been torn away. All men, all women, have been convinced of the reality of devilish cruelty, devilish tyranny, devilish lust, devilish foulness. What a terrible account against any nation, that its one positive achievement is to have revived in the world the conviction of incarnate evil.

The lines are set, therefore; the battle is on, between the White Lodge and the Black. Among the nations, there are those that, through inherent arrogance, vanity, foulness, have yielded themselves up exultantly to the Black Powers—who will use them only to betray them.

Among the nations there are those who, from inherent loyalty, love of honour and of justice, of the purer essence of liberty, by the fire of their devotion and their power of sacrifice, have made it possible for the Great White Lodge to make them its instruments. The results, to both, will be momentous, and will change the face of all future time. The veils are being torn away, and the tremendous spiritual forces amid which we walk are becoming visible to all men. From this, to an advance of the elect nations into the very halls of the White Lodge, the step is not a great one, and it will assuredly be taken.

So two groups of nations with varying degrees of consciousness, have taken upon them the immemorial war. Between them, the issues for long ages to come are being fought out, the issues between Light and Darkness, between incarnate Good and incarnate Evil. There are these nations, on the one hand and on the other, warring for God and for Satan. And there are nations that, with appalling folly, affect, in the name of superlative virtue, to stand neutral between God and Satan. For such nations, too, the results will be far-reaching, decisive; for nothing so surely and finally places a nation, or a man, as his refusal to place himself, in the vast conflict between Good and Evil. It matters little whether his determining impulse be vanity, or Phariseeism, or cowardice. His final fate will be the same.

But this tremendous battle between Good and Evil is not confined to the belligerents. Nor is the power to make or mar, to help or hinder, restricted to those who are actually bearing arms and facing death. Within the belligerent nations, there are traitorous elements, inspired by exactly the same forces of evil—self-seeking, arrogant, preferring their own supposed gain to the nation's welfare. The great and just law will deal very decisively with these.

Nor does the war of mighty forces stop with these. It comes closer, far closer, and enters our own hearts. Hour by hour, we, no less than the men on the firing-line, are contestants in that battle. Great opportunities come to each of us incessantly. It is notorious, in the external world, that the best service the men of neutral nations can render, is, to provide shot and shell for the men who are fighting for the right. But we also, each of us in our own hearts, have the power to provide the White Lodge with priceless munitions of war: our faith, our loyalty to the right, our spirit of sacrifice, and—vitally important—our real comprehension of the issues involved in this momentous war; all these things are munitions available for the great White Lodge, just as our selfishness, baseness, cowardice, vanity are valued supplies for their opponents. Who can tell, in the more visible warfare, which shell is to decide an engagement? And which of us can tell whether this or that act of sacrifice or heroism, of loyalty and faith, may not turn the scale towards righteousness, in this momentous battle of the worlds?

FRAGMENTS

WHILE we are fighting our recognized defects, let us at the same time keep our eyes upon our virtues. These are less easy to manage. One is the enemy in the open, the other the enemy in ambush. Even the simplest and humblest amongst us is inclined to feel safe where his virtues lie, as if there he were under cover; and yet my own experience has taught me that the more serious danger exists in that direction, and because of this very sense of security. This is of course hardly true of earlier stages, where crude and rudimentary conditions must be met and adjusted. But once the preliminary breaking up of ground has been effected,—the large stones removed and the wild growths,—then we are wise to expect our impediments to consist in subtler and more insidious forms, and our virtues may well claim our attention.

In the world of duality no virtue can be perfect; for our duality does not alone consist in the virtue and its counterpart vice, but also in the nature of the virtue itself, which will have its light and dark sides.

For instance, you are patient. But where is your patience indistinguishable from indifference? Where is it dyed with the colour of your self-satisfaction? Where is it but a wish to save yourself trouble, the unwillingness to speak the word that should be spoken and to take the consequences, no matter how disagreeable? How often is it a cloak even for cowardice?

Or again, we love to serve others. But how much of this feeling is only self-pleasing? To how great an extent do we completely forget ourselves in the happiness of others? Or are we trying to make them happy *our way,* bending their wills and wishes to our own, and then because we have tired ourselves out over it, fancying ourselves very unselfish,—perhaps even going so far as to think ourselves unappreciated? Unappreciated, good heavens, when perhaps the poor wretch we were "serving," has had his whole life saddened by our intolerance, our persistence, our utter disregard of his tastes or opinions!

Or our purity; how much of it is merely lack of imagination, deadness of enthusiasm, inability to feel? Psychic anæmia or negativeness, should never be confused (though it often is), with that burning white flame in whose heat evil is consumed, and whose encircling fire no devil can approach.

Years ago, Judge told me of the Blackie who, visiting him with hostile intent, appeared in a blue coat, in an effort to disguise his real nature; and the worst forces that move or govern us, are often masquerading in the rainbow tints of angelic virtues. Self-love alone can make the deception a success. Serenely aware of our deficiencies (for true humility is always serene), we shall suspect our virtues, and study them narrowly, detecting their disguise; and so never be obliged to suffer the shame of having them, in the "last day," uncloaked for us before the angels.

There is but one way in which we can prepare for final judgment, and that is to *forestall* it.

Surely he who judges himself with the extremest rigour; who holds himself to the severest account for each infraction of duty; who does not excuse himself, or indulge himself, or gloss over his weaknesses, or dress his faults in the shoddy finery of some imagined motive —what mortification of revelation, what extreme of punishment has he to fear?

Hence in all times and in all religions, teachers of the spiritual life have insisted upon searching and frequent self-examination. The future has then no horrors of surprise for us,—only the endless surprise, the blinding light of the vision of the mercy and love of God, and the Masters' blessing upon those whom they are spared the pain of judging, since their own condemnation had more than satisfied the Law.

A severe but deeply wise Teacher once said: "Give me the man who is tempted to distrust my judgment because of its mildness. I may have difficulty with him, BUT THAT KIND NEVER FAILS."

Try to preserve exterior silence in yourself and in your household; see that voices are low, that doors do not bang, that footsteps are noiseless. The angels do not come to noisy places nor to noisy people. Can you expect to hear the Voice of the Silence in the midst of din and clatter? And only an advanced disciple can distinguish the Master's tones in such conditions. Could you follow strains of music in the uproar of a cannonade? Practise silence then; train yourself to it; train those under and about you. The world hates it; the devil hates it; but it is the very atmosphere of heaven: there is no silence in hell. A devout man is never noisy, and a noisy man is not devout. And if

you ask me if all quiet people are good, I shall answer at once—*to that extent.* Evil of itself creates noise, as part of the confusion it makes in the spiritual and psychic worlds. Not for long can its echoes be kept back even through the dense curtain of material life. Some explosion forces to the surface, though it may be an earthquake on the other side of the world. The burglar who creeps by stealth into your house, may not waken you, but the noise he makes resounds through space. The disciple, whose inner ears are opened, would hear him instantly.

These suggestions will show you perhaps how much silence means, and what is involved in it.

CAVÉ.

I hear so many mourning that the path of discipleship is so difficult. Life is hard enough at the best, they say, but when spiritual effort comes in, it seems unbearable.

I have to confess that I cannot understand their meaning. In the difficulty lies both the interest and the incentive. I do not know what the man is made of who wants only easy things to do, or who finds interest in easy things. I cannot see that happiness would be found in mere mechanical facility, an endless repetition of one single tune, until the keys broke from much fingering.

Those who feel like this have no need to worry. Discipleship is not for them as yet. When it is, their humour will have changed.

I have heard that only he who feels that he must die if the Master do not take him, can send his appeal to the place where the Master hears.

M. T.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

III

"I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the innermost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee,* thou wilt *never find it without thee.* If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek after the excellency of other things? O MAN, KNOW THYSELF! IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES."

Quoted in Vol. II of *Isis,* p. 617.

MUCH confusion has arisen in the Church's understanding of St. Paul's teaching about the Spirit because, on the one hand, he is, as he himself repeatedly says, writing of "a mystery"; and on the other, because he uses the term in two different senses —a particular and a general. The Church as we know it, having lost almost from the start so much of the mysteries, has had no clue by which to distinguish these differences, and has built up its dogmatic theories almost entirely on misinterpretations of what Paul really was saying. In addition to this, Paul's own knowledge grew and changed with the years, so that a term used with one shade of meaning in earlier epistles would in later become a richer and more far-reaching medium of expression. Again the Church, able to note this external change, but failing in the first instance to grasp Paul's inner intention, was left more hopelessly in the dark by each successive onward step. And when Paul's teaching as understood in this abortive way was forcibly combined with the half-digested speculations about the Trinity, there emerged our modern doctrine of the Spirit, contained in the creeds, elucidated by dogmatic treatises, and understood, in the last analysis, by nobody.

Paul's epistles are rich in direct instruction on the Holy Spirit. When we find him writing in the seventh chapter of I Corinthians, "and I also think that I have the Spirit of God," we feel that he does speak with authority, with the vital force of a personal experience. Indeed, this constant return to a personal, immediate, ever-present experience is one of the striking features of Paul's whole thesis. There are times (and they have their special significance) when he treats of the Holy Spirit along Old Testament lines, as a basis of all nature, as a background of existence, as a parallel with the Mulaprakriti of Hindu metaphysics. But there are other times, and these greatly in the majority, when Paul seems to be giving us a special revelation, when the Holy Spirit is manifested as a Spirit in each Christian, and above all in each

disciple. Himself a high disciple, he speaks with increasing fullness and emphasis on this personal distinction which the Spirit's possession by a baptized man conferred upon him; demanding a corresponding discipline of life, and an entire obedience to the laws governing the spiritual order. At least partial consciousness of the presence of the Spirit in the disciple's inner life was made the basis for nearly all that Paul taught; and it was so taken for granted that we cannot but suspect that our understanding of Paul without this background, must be faulty in many respects.

Nevertheless there are certain aspects of the subject which seem clear enough; and where a "mystery" is suggested, at least we can assemble all the hints available, and throw on each such additional light as our Theosophical literature has given us.

Throughout the writings of Paul it would be well if it be borne in mind that he was an initiate, not merely in the general and loose sense in which that word was then used of the corrupted Greek or Alexandrian mystery-rites, but in the true sense, as one possessed of Divine Wisdom. Thus we find Madame Blavatsky writing of him in *Isis,* Vol. II, page 241, "There was but one apostle of Jesus worthy of that name, and that was Paul." This sentence sums up several chapters given to an analysis and comparison of Paul with the other apostles, their writings and lives; all of which, without being a final word on the subject, suggests that Paul alone correctly represented his Master. Besides giving Paul's teaching this pre-eminent place as revealing in truest form the spirit of the Master Jesus, she speaks of him some dozen times quite explicitly as an initiate. In *Isis,* Volume II, page 146, she writes:

"The narrative of the Apostle Paul, in his second *Epistle to the Corinthians* (xii, 3, 4), has struck several scholars, well versed in the descriptions of the mystical rites of the initiation given by some classics, as alluding most undoubtedly to the final *Epopteia.* 'I knew a certain man—*whether in body or outside of body,* I know not: God knoweth—who was rapt into Paradise, and heard things ineffable *'ἄρρητα ῥήματα* which it is not lawful for a man to repeat.' These words have rarely, so far as we know, been regarded by commentators as an allusion to the beatific visions of an *'initiated'* seer. But the phraseology is unequivocal. These things 'which it is not lawful to repeat,' are hinted at in the same words, and the reason for it assigned, is the same as that which we find repeatedly expressed by Plato, Proclus, Iamblicus, Herodotus, and other classics. 'We speak WISDOM only among them who are PERFECT,' says Paul; the plain and undeniable translation of the sentence being: 'We speak of the profounder (or final) esoteric doctrines of the mysteries (which are denominated *wisdom*) only among them who are *initiated.*' So in relation to the 'man who was rapt into Paradise'—and who was evidently Paul himself [a note states that "Cyril of Jerusalem asserts it"]—the Christian word Paradise having replaced that of Elysium. To complete the proof, we might recall the words of Plato, given elsewhere,

which show that before an initiate could see the gods in their purest light, he had to become *liberated* from his body; *i. e.,* to separate his astral soul from it."

Madame Blavatsky in an earlier passage (p. 90) of the same volume adduces further evidence no less interesting, whose significance will be dealt with subsequently.

"Another proof that Paul belonged to the circle of the 'Initiates' lies in the following fact. The apostle had his head shorn at Cenchrea [Acts 18, 18] (where Lucius, *Apuleius,* was initiated) because 'he had a vow.' The *nazars*—or set apart—as we see in the Jewish Scriptures, had to cut their hair which they wore long, and which 'no razor touched,' at any other time, and sacrificed it on the altar of initiation. And the nazars were a class of Chaldean theurgists. We will show further that Jesus belonged to this class.

"Paul declares that: 'According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master builder, I have laid the foundation.' [I Cor. iii., 10].

"This expression, master-builder, used only *once* in the whole *Bible,* and by Paul, may be considered as a whole revelation. In the Mysteries, the third part of the sacred rites was called *Epopteia,* or revelation, reception into the secrets. In substance it means that stage of divine clairvoyance when everything pertaining to this earth disappears, and earthly sight is paralysed, and the soul is united free and pure with its Spirit, or God. But the real significance of the word is 'overseeing,' from *ὁπτομαι—I see myself.* In Sanscrit the word *evâpto* has the same meaning, as well as *to obtain* [long note omitted]. The word *èpópteia* is a compound one, from Επὶ—upon, and *ὁπτομαι*—to look, or an overseer, an inspector—also used for a master-builder. The title of master-mason, in Freemasonry, is derived from this, in the sense used in the Mysteries. Therefore, when Paul entitles himself a 'master-builder,' he is using a word pre-eminently kabalistic, theurgic and masonic, and one which no other apostle uses. He thus declares himself an *adept,* having the right to *initiate* others."

We have quoted thus at length because only as a new light and scope can be given to Paul's familiar phrases will his teaching in its true inwardness be revealed to us. In spite of its familiarity, we must realize that after all, Paul and the whole *New Testament* is Scripture, and contains "all things necessary to salvation," if we can but dig it out. Thus in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. II, p. 515) it is stated that "The cautious hints of Paul have all the true esoteric meaning, and it took centuries of scholastic casuistry to give them the present false colouring in their interpretation." In his teaching about the Holy Spirit, then, we may safely look for an index to spiritual laws, and to a divine rather than to a man-made wisdom.

Turning to Paul's epistles with this in mind, we are enable to regard what he writes in, perhaps, an entirely different light. We are accus-

tomed to think of Paul too often as no more than the energetic worker and courageous martyr whose general example we are boldly inspired to emulate. His arguments against the Judaisers are out of date, circumcision is no longer a burning question, and his theology does not interest us. But Paul was much more than this. If truly an initiate he was possessed of all the wisdom and knowledge we associate with the Secret Doctrine. Frequent allusions to a "mystery," besides the hint of our Foundress, lead us naturally to look for some correspondence between the direct teachings of Theosophy and the heart of Paul's own message. Fundamentally there can be no difference; the source is one. And Paul was addressing, even in these Epistles, "Saints" of the Church, whom on occasion, he characterizes as "wise," into whom the Spirit had descended, and who possessed themselves powers and enlightenment far beyond our usual attainment. It would seem, therefore, that much more could be extracted from Paul than an historical picture, or a system of theology, or even a code of morals and ethics,—and that without subverting the text.

Paul's teaching about the Spirit is so frequent that it is usually passed over as a manner of speech. It is only when the different references, when the many angles of his thought, are all combined that we get something of a view of what it is he really has in mind. In order not to repeat himself he is forced to use phrase after phrase that bring out each its peculiar attribute, and a conception soon emerges whose very existence was before overlooked, and whose interest and import are a revelation.

In the two earliest letters, written *circa* 53 to the Thessalonian Church which Paul had founded eighteen months before (Acts xvii., 1-10), we hear at the outset that his preaching of the Gospel was attended by manifestations of the Spirit. Thessalonica (now Salonika) in Macedonia was in Paul's time the second commercial city of the European Greeks, because a sea-port and the center of the Via Egnatia, the high-road from the Adriatic to the Hellespont. We must not picture to ourselves, then, a little Oriental country village, but a great business town whose populace had all the characteristics of our own materialistic civilization. But to these people "our gospel came not unto you in word only but also in power and in Holy Spirit and much assurance" (I Thess., i. 5)* And the next verse adds: "Ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Spirit." That is, the Spirit which gave power of conversion to preachers, brought to the penitents, in spite of their afflictions, "joy of the Holy Spirit." This joy is of so frequent occurrence as to become a recognized sign, to which Paul constantly refers, using it to remind his penitents of the validity of their experience.

---

* Both the Authorized and Revised Versions are quoted interchangeably as seems best to develop our interpretation of Paul's meaning. Occasionally our own translation is used where a choice of the meaning of a Greek word seems to give truer colouring.

The conversion of this group made them "an ensample to all that believe, in Macedonia and Arabia. For from you hath sounded forth the Word of the Lord. . . ." Jews and Greeks, prominent business men and women were roused by Paul's words and example, were baptized, and received the Holy Spirit. They then in their turn preached the new gospel, gaining converts, and strengthening their own numbers.

Paul continues, with winning reminders, to narrate how "And for this cause we also thank God without ceasing, that, when ye received from us the word of the message, even the word of God, ye accepted it not as the word of men, but as it is in truth, the word of God, which also worketh in you that believe." Here we find Paul speaking of "the word" working "in" the disciples just as later the Spirit is described as working in them.

But if the word of God is working in them, impurity of life must be an impossibility; the Thessalonians must realize that "God called us not for impurity but in sanctification. Therefore he who sets at naught [this calling] sets at naught not man but God, who giveth his Spirit, the Holy Spirit, into you." The Greek ἐν ἁγιασμῷ, "in sanctification," implies a progressive holiness, a continual outpouring "into" the hearts of the believers, which renders any act of impurity on their part a contempt of God and of his Spirit. Thus, after the coming of the Spirit at the moment of the laying on of hands (which always accompanied baptism at that time) there is the unceasing renewal of the Spirit unless interrupted by evil living.

Further, at Thessalonica, the Spirit brought with it the power of prophecy, which had been either undervalued or feared as unnatural. Paul, however, writes "Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings, *but* prove all things; hold fast that which is good; abstain from every appearance of evil. And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be preserved entire (blameless) at the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The second letter, besides urging these Thessalonians "unto salvation in sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," contains a reference to the "coming" or "presence" of the Master which carries with it a shade of meaning not generally attributed to it. The passage, one characteristically Pauline in its involved juxtaposition of many thoughts, reads in part (II Thess., ii. 1 ff.), "Now we beseech you, brethren, touching the presence [both versions translate "coming"] of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto Him; to the end that ye be not quickly shaken from your mind, nor yet be troubled, either through spirit, or through speech, (λόγου), or through an epistle as from us, as that the day of the Lord is present; let no man deceive you in any wise. . . ." Παρουσίας, the Greek word translated in both versions "coming," is derived from παρειμί, to be beside, and means primarily "a being present." Classically it never implied "coming," though in Paul's time it had the meaning of "arrival." A further study of all the *New Testament*

references to the second coming of Christ seems to divide them into two groups. The simple word ἔρχομαι, come, is used by the Master himself to foretell the Second Advent, as also with the other direct accounts given by the Evangelists. But there are similar passages which refer very obscurely to this second coming of Christ, but which take on a greater clearness and naturalness when interpreted to be descriptions rather of the abiding presence, or appearances of the risen Christ to his disciples in the post-ascension age. This distinction can be traced with convincing clearness in the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, where it is narrated that the disciples come to Jesus "privately," asking him, "Tell us, when shall these things be? and what the sign of Thy presence (παρουσία, not ἔρχομαι), and of the consummation of the age?" The Master, answering their questions in order, first warns his disciples against false Christs. "If therefore they shall say unto you: .... "Behold, he is in the inner chamber; believe not. For as the lightening cometh forth from the east, and is seen even unto the west, so shall be the presence (παρουσία) of the Son of Man. This imagery is reminiscent of the appearance of angels and all other-worldy beings as given in every religious literature, from the pillar of fire of the Old Testament to the exorteric stories of Indian, Persian, and Greek mythologies. Jesus then continues, answering the disciples' last question, by saying that "*after* the tribulation of those days" the Son of Man shall *come* (ἔρχομαι) in the clouds of heaven.

If our interpretation of this and cognate passages be correct, those supposed to deal exclusively with the Second Advent may properly be divided into two:—a minority rightly dealing with this Advent, and a majority which seem to intimate manifestations of the risen Christ.*

Apart from other significance as tending to establish the fact that the ascended Master never finally departed from earth, as so often taught by the Churches, their understanding of an immediate presence or appearance of Christ has a particular interest for us because it is "through Spirit" that this perception occurs. There had been controversy in the Thessalonian Church about this "presence," and the explanation is not far to seek. Some, who were sufficiently advanced in discipleship, were aware "through Spirit" of the Master's presence at their "gathering together unto him"; others, less gifted, failed to be so conscious, and mistrusted the epistles of Paul or the talk about it they heard amongst the others. Very possibly, also, these higher disciples did not explain at all fully, what was to them a sacred experience; certainly Paul's explanation

---

* To the group which, while using the Greek παρουσία, bears out consistently the interpretation of the *presence* rather than the *Second Coming* of Christ, the following passages belong. St. Matt. xxiv. 3, 27, 37, 39; I Cor. xv. 23; II Thess. ii. 1, 8, 9, 10; Jas. v. 7 ff.; II Pet. i. 16; iii. 4, 12; I Ju. i i.28. There are also numerous passages which being differently constructed, do not use either word under discussion, but which should be studied in this light. Such are I Cor. i. 8; v. 5; II Cor. i, 14, etc.

Those passages using ἐρθομαι and obviously referring to the Second Advent, are St. Matt. x. 23; xvi. 27; xxiv. 30, 43, 45, 46, 50; xxvi. 64; St. Mk. viii. 38 ff.; xii. 26; St. Lk. xxi. 27; St. Ju. xxi. 22; Acts i. 11; II Thess. i 10; Rev. i. 7.

is veiled in curiously involved and vague language. At any rate there emerges the fact that the Spirit in man is able to perceive and recognize the "presence" of the Master.

So far these references to the Holy Spirit are consistent with the early date of the Epistles to the Thessalonians, for they do not carry us with any exactitude beyond the general experience of primitive Christianity. When we proceed to the next two letters, we find that the Apostle has begun to think out his faith in many directions, and to deliver far more precise and mature instruction, especially regarding the Spirit. A possible explanation of this is to be sought not merely in Paul's own growth due to the lapse of time (I Corinthians, the next letter, was written in 55), but in the spiritual degree of development of the disciples to whom he was writing. For we find Paul addressing them as those "sanctified in Christ Jesus, called Saints."

These Corinthians were again chiefly Greek converts living in a commercial city; and the same dangers threatened to disintegrate this Church as the Thessalonian. But at Corinth there were additional difficulties: a disposition to form rival factions within the Christian body; an anti-Pauline, possibly Petrene and Judaistic, controversy; an intellectual provincialism; above all a levity which refused to take the great realities of life seriously, and trifled with the most solemn of Christian ordinances and with the spiritual gifts.

Paul meets this condition first with a reminder of the manifestations of Spirit that accompanied his own early ministry at Corinth (I Cor., ii. 4 ff.). "My speech and my preaching (testimony) were not with persuasible words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of Spirit and power: that your faith should not be in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." If this be the fact, as it undeniably was, then there is involved not just the everyday appeal of religious morality, but the principles and standards of a disciple's plane of life and understanding. Therefore Paul says, "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet a wisdom not of this age, nor of the rulers of this age, which are coming to naught: but we speak God's wisdom that hath been hidden, which God fore-ordained before the world's unto our glory: which none of the rulers of this world knoweth: ..." The Corinthians had heard from him none of those typical Greek philosophical arguments, unsatisfying, inconclusive, endless;—despite their sincerity, empty of all vital quality because dispensing with moral discipline, and therefore dissolving like vapours at the touch of any of life's harsher experience. Instead, Paul appealed to the higher consciences of these men, to the witness of the Spirit itself. And this witness was twofold, containing within itself the proof of certain knowledge. "In power," *i. e.,* in that outpouring of Lodge force through the channel of the Master Jesus, which showed itself in miracles, in prophesyings, and in the flaming joys of conversion. Secondly, in "wisdom not of this age," spoken to "the perfect," or the initiated as Madame Blavatsky tells us Paul signified.

This appeal is at once conclusive and the highest that can be made. Paul would not have invoked the Divine Wisdom nor referred to a Secret Doctrine at all unless those Corinthians had already been aware of a mystery,—had already attained a certain degree of discipleship

But he does not stop there with no more than an allusion, but continues to tell us of this wisdom and the channel of its communication to us. "For unto us God revealed through the Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. For who among men knoweth the things of a man, save the Spirit of the man, which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth, save the Spirit of God. But we received, not the Spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us by God. Which things also we speak, not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth; interpreting spiritual things to spiritual men. Now the psychic man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual discerneth all things, and he himself is discerned of no man."

Surely this language is indeed "unequivocal." To the man whose inner perceptions are awake,—"to him that hath"—already is given the insight and the knowledge; not "psychic," not the uncontrolled, experiential knowledge of the lower rational mind, but the higher, spiritual wisdom of the mystery-doctrine. For Paul closes by saying, "But we [i. e., the spiritual man] have the mind of Christ"; that is, we share up to our capacity in the mind of our Master, Christ.

Paul further (Chap. iii.) explains this great appeal he is making to the reality of the Spirit and of discipleship; to spiritual insight as above psychic; and to the substantial indwelling of the Spirit of God which brings with it discernment of spiritual things and of Christ's mind. "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, as unto babes in Christ. I fed you with milk, not with meat; for ye were not yet able to bear it; nay, not even now are ye able for ye are yet carnal;....." It is noteworthy that in contrast to this Paul later on writes (x. 15), in a reference to the Communion, "I speak as to *wise* men; examine ye what I say." But to return, "According to the grace of God which was given unto me, as a wise master-builder I laid a foundation; and another builded thereon." This, after saying, "For we are God's fellow-workers; ye are God's husbandry, God's building." To show what this really means, what responsibilities it involves;—responsibilities dating from baptism and the descent of the Spirit, be it remembered,—Paul adds, "But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." That is, spiritual growth cannot come by man's wisdom because the foundation of a spiritual life, of spiritual existence, is not of man or of the material world, but in the Master. "Now if any man buildeth on the foundation, gold, silver,

precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; each man's work shall be made manifest: for time ["day" in the sense of age or cycle: cf. II. Cor. vi. 2; Jn. viii, 56, etc.] shall declare it, because it is revealed by fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work shall abide which be built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by (through) fire." This seems to be a manifest allusion to initiation, to the "fiery trial" that figures in so many religions as barring the path of the unprepared or aspiring disciple in his upward struggle. But it is more than a mere allusion, because this teaching which Paul is giving is "not in words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Spirit teacheth," therefore it is specifically designated as for spiritually minded men, and not for "psychic." Psychic here means "having the nature and characteristics of ψυχή, *i. e.*, of the principle of animal life." So the challenge is given. If we are spiritually minded, we may understand these hints; if not, we "cannot know them, because they are spiritually discerned." At least, we know that Paul is trying to describe to these disciples realities of the Spirit, and to admonish them of the presence and life of the Spirit in them.

To continue: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, [H. P. B. translates "*a* temple of *a* God"] and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man destroyeth the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." By virtue of baptism the Spirit of God is laid in us as a foundation upon which is built the temple of the Spirit; holy, husbanded by God and developed with man's co-operation; finally, tried as by fire, and when proven, receiving a reward. Taking all things together, linking thought to thought, we here seem to have outlined a teaching concerning the inner life of a disciple. That "mystery," prepared "before the worlds," is revealed to us through the Spirit;—a Spirit not estranged from, or without us, but in us, laid there by God, teaching us, admonishing us, quickening us. For Paul repeats yet again (Chap. vi., 19) "Or know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye have from God?" pointing out that because of *this* fact, they must "flee fornication," and "glorify God in your body." In fact, Paul uses this verity of the existence and operation of the Holy Spirit in a disciple as the heart of his doctrine. He tells of himself (vii., 40) "and I think that I also have the Spirit of God," and therefore he can and does set an example it would be wise to follow. Whatever the sin, whatever the difficulty, whether it be fornication, idolatry, drunkenness, or the eating of meats and "things sacrificed to idols," beneath all these lies the actuality of this Holy Spirit, and up to its standard must all things be measured.

So far Paul has been concerned chiefly with two things: establishing the fact of a Spirit within the disciples, and pointing out that, this being so, they are bound to live up to the standards of the spiritual world, are bound to live as disciples, or die. He now turns to the question of

spiritual gifts; and it is from this point onward that more information can be formulated, and a less general idea of what Paul meant by the Spirit in us gleaned from his all too fragmentary statements. The main outlines have now been given us. There is Spirit, and there is *a* Spirit in each disciple. Discipleship resolves itself into the life of this Spirit; and Paul's epistles are exhortations to the life of discipleship. Everything he has to say hinges on this subject, and all throw light on the nature of the Holy Spirit. The more detailed and specific references to the Spirit do but give the ground-plan; for after all the Spirit world is not limited by mechanical and diagrammatic outlines, but is a life, and can only be revealed to us in terms of life. Hence Paul's teaching, though in places it seems vague, must be taken as a whole; and as the spirit of his message is assimilated, are we closest to an understanding of the heart of his doctrine.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

(*To be continued.*)

Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience, and little duties make the will dutiful, that is, supple and prompt to obey. Little obediences lead into great. The daily round of duty is full of probation and of discipline; it trains the will, heart and conscience. We need not to be prophets or apostles. The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.

H. E. MANNING.

THE TELL-TALE PICTURE GALLERY*

ALTHOUGH the gallery of pictures about which I now write has long ago been abandoned, and never since its keepers left the spot where it was has it been seen there, similar galleries are still to be found in places that one cannot get into until guided to them. They are now secreted in distant and inaccessible spots; in the Himalaya mountains, beyond them, in Tibet, in underground India, and such mysterious localities. The need for reports by spies or for confessions by transgressors is not felt by secret fraternities which possess such strange recorders of the doings, thoughts, and condition of those whom they portray. In the brotherhoods of the Roman Catholic Church or in Freemasonry, no failure to abide by rules could ever be dealt with unless some one reported the delinquent or he himself made a confession. Every day mason after mason breaks both letter and spirit of the vows he made, but, no one knowing or making charges, he remains a mason in good standing. The soldier in camp or field oversteps the strictest rules of discipline, yet if done out of sight of those who could divulge or punish he remains untouched. And in various religious bodies, the members continually break, either in act or in thought, all the commandments, unknown to their fellows and the heads of the Church, with no loss of standing. But neither the great Roman Church, the Free Masons, nor any religious sect possesses such a gallery as that of which I will try to tell you, one in which is registered every smallest deed and thought.

I do not mean the Great Astral Light that retains faithful pictures of all we do, whether we be Theosophists or Scoffers, Catholics or Free Masons, but a veritable collection of simulacræ deliberately constructed so as to specialize one of the many functions of the Astral Light.

It was during one of my talks with the old man who turned into a wandering eye that I first heard of this wonderful gallery, and after his death I was shown the place itself. It was kept on the Sacred Island where of old many weird and magical things existed and events occurred. You may ask why these are not now found there, but you might as well request that I explain why Atlantis sank beneath the wave or why the great Assyrian Empire has disappeared. They have had their day, just as our present boasted civilization will come to its end and be extinguished. Cyclic law cannot be held from its operation, and just as sure as tides change on the globe and blood flows in the body, so sure is it that great doings reach their conclusion and powerful nations disappear.

* Reprinted from an early number of *The Path.*

It was only a few months previous to the old man's death, when approaching dissolution or superior orders, I know not which, caused him to reveal many things and let slip hints as to others. He had been regretting his numerous errors one day, and turning to me said:

"And have you never seen the gallery where your actual spiritual state records itself?"

Not knowing what he meant I replied: "I did not know they had one here."

"Oh yes; it is in the old temple over by the mountain, and the diamond gives more light there than anywhere else."

Fearing to reveal my dense ignorance, not only of what he meant but also of the nature of this gallery, I continued the conversation in a way to elicit more information, and he, supposing I had known of others, began to describe this one. But in the very important part of the description he turned the subject as quickly as he had introduced it, so that I remained a prey to curiosity. And until the day of his death he did not again refer to it. The extraordinary manner of his decease, followed by the weird wandering eye, drove the thought of the pictures out of my head.

But it would seem that the effect of this floating, lonely, intelligent eye upon my character was a shadow or foretoken of my introduction to the gallery. His casual question, in connection with his own shortcomings and the lesson impressed on me by the intensification and concentration of all his nature into one eye that ever wandered about the Island, made me turn my thoughts inwards so as to discover and destroy the seeds of evil in myself. Meanwhile all duties in the temple where I lived were assiduously performed. One night after attaining to some humility of spirit, I fell quietly asleep with the white moonlight falling over the floor, and dreamed that I met the old man again as when alive, and that he asked me if I had yet seen the picture gallery. "No," said I in the dream, "I had forgotten it," awakening then at the sound of my own voice. Looking up, I saw standing in the moonlight a figure of one I had not seen in any of the temples. This being gazed at me with clear, cold eyes, and afar off sounded what I supposed its voice,

"Come with me."

Rising from the bed I went out into the night, following this laconic guide. The moon was full, high in her course, and all the place was full of her radiance. In the distance the walls of the temple nearest the diamond mountain appeared self-luminous. To that the guide walked, and we reached the door now standing wide open. As I came to the threshold, suddenly the lonely, grey, wandering eye of my old dead friend and co-disciple floated past looking deep into my own, and I read its expression as if it would say,

"The picture gallery is here."

We entered, and, although some priests were there, no one seemed to notice me. Through a court, across a hall, down a long corridor we went, and then into a wide and high roofless place with but one door.

Only the stars in heaven adorned the space above, while streams of more than moonlight poured into it from the diamond, so that there were no shadows nor any need for lights. As the noiseless door swung softly to behind us, sad music floated down the place and ceased; just then a sudden shadow seemed to grow in one spot, but was quickly swallowed in the light.

"Examine with care, but touch not and fear nothing," said my taciturn cicerone. With these words he turned and left me alone.

But how could I say I was alone? The place was full of faces. They were ranged up and down the long hall; near the floor, above it, higher, on the walls, in the air, everywhere except in one aisle, but not a single one moved from its place, yet each was seemingly alive. And at intervals strange watchful creatures of the elemental world moved about from place to place. Were they watching me or the faces? Now I felt they had me in view, for sudden glances out of the corners of their eyes shot my way; but in a moment something happened showing they guarded or watched the faces.

I was standing looking at the face of an old friend about my own age who had been sent to another part of the island, and it filled me with sadness unaccountably. One of the curious elemental creatures moved up near it. In amazement I strained my eyes, for the picture of my friend was apparently discoloring. Its expression altered every moment. It turned from white to grey and yellow, and back to grey, and then suddenly it grew all black as if with rapid decomposition. Then again that same sad music I had heard on entering floated past me, while the blackness of the face seemed to cast a shadow, but not long. The elemental pounced upon the blackened face now soulless, tore it in pieces, and by some process known to itself dissipated the atoms and restored the brightness of the spot. But alas! my old friend's picture was gone, and I felt within me a heavy, almost unendurable gloom as of despair.

As I grew accustomed to the surroundings, my senses perceived every now and then sweet but low musical sounds that appeared to emanate from or around these faces. So, selecting one, I stood in front of it and watched. It was bright and pure. Its eyes looked into mine with the half-intelligence of a dream. Yes, it grew now and then a little brighter, and as that happened I heard the gentle music. This convinced me that the changes in expression were connected with the music.

But fearing I would be called away, I began to scan carefully the collection, and found that all my co-disciples were represented there, as well as hundreds whom I had never seen, and every priest high or low whom I had observed about the island. Yet the same saddening music every now and then reminded me of the scene of the blackening of my friend's picture. I knew it meant others blackened and being destroyed by the watchful elementals who I could vaguely perceive were pouncing upon something whenever those notes sounded. They were like the wails of angels when they see another mortal going to moral suicide.

Dimly after a while there grew upon me the explanation of this

gallery. Here were the living pictures of every student or priest of the order founded by the Adepts of the Diamond Mountain. These vitalized pictures were connected by invisible cords with the character of those they represented, and like a telegraph instrument they instantly recorded the exact state of the disciple's mind; when he made a complete failure, they grew black and were destroyed; when he progressed in spiritual life, their degrees of brightness or beauty show his exact standing. As these conclusions were reached, louder and stronger musical tones filled the hall. Directly before me was a beautiful, peaceful face; its brilliance outshone the light around, and I knew that some unseen brother—how far or near was unknown to me—had reached some height of advancement that corresponded to such tones. Just then my guide re-entered; I found I was near the door; it was open, and together we passed out, retracing the same course by which we had entered. Outside again the setting of the moon showed me how long I had been in the gallery. The silence of my guide prevented speech, and he returned with me to the room I had left. There he stood looking at me, and once more I heard as it were from afar his voice in inquiry, as if he said but,

"Well?"

Into my mind came the question "How are those faces made?" From all about him, but not from his lips, came the answer:

"You cannot understand. They are not the persons, and yet they are made from their minds and bodies."

"Was I right in the idea that they were connected with those they pictured by invisible cords along which the person's condition was carried?"

"Yes, perfectly. And they never err. From day to day they change for better or for worse. Once the disciple has entered this path his picture forms there; and we need no spies, no officious fellow disciples to prefer charges, no reports, no machinery. Every thing registers itself. We have but to inspect the images to know just how the disciple gets on or goes back."

"And those curious elementals," thought I, "do they feed on the blackened images?"

"They are our scavengers. They gather up and dissipate the decomposed and deleterious atoms that formed the image before it grew black—no longer fit for such good company."

"And the music,—did it come from the images?"

"Ah, boy, you have much to learn. It came from them, but it belongs also to every other soul. It is the vibration of the disciple's thoughts and spiritual life; it is the music of his good deeds and his brotherly love."

Then there came to me a dreadful thought, "How can one—if at all—restore his image once it has blackened in the gallery?"

But my guide was no longer there. A faint rustling sound was all—and three deep far notes as if upon a large bronze bell!

Bryan Kinnavan.

LETTERS TO FRIENDS

XV

DEAR FRIEND:

SO we—who saw each other last when the world seemed at our feet and all our hearts' desires open to our claiming—are together once again, but now at the Gate of Failure: the gate through which I passed long since and yet have never left; "for without moving, O Holder of the Bow, is the travelling on this Path." And now you, too, are entering through that portal. Should I weep for you—as in those first days of my despicable self-pity I wept for myself, till my soul was seared with the reproach of Ayxa to Boabdil: "You do well to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man?" No. Those days have passed. And now I welcome you—my old-time comrade from the world of dreams—to the sternness of reality. I do not promise you your wounds will heal. But I do promise you that, if you will, you may play your part in this great war of life despite them. No—more than that—because of them: for "before the soul can stand in the presence of the Master its feet must be washed in the blood of the heart."

For twenty years you have read those words. Did you think to stand by any other means? Was it more than a dream that you could serve or hold till you had learned to stand? "It is useless to pause and weep for a scene in a kaleidoscope which has passed"—as useless as it is weak. The dream is gone. But reality remains. "There is no existence for what does not exist, and no non-existence for what exists. I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth, nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be." You *are*. Though you be stripped of all that made life pleasant to you—though now life be bitter, and seem to stretch in one long, dreary, desert way of pain ahead—you *are*. And neither death, nor time, nor failure nor success, can alter that eternal fact—that fact which you have never faced, and which now you have to face. Let me go with you, old friend so newly found, the few steps that I may go, and let us look out together upon this strange, terrible, lonely fact of Being, which you must prove alone, though all the angels of heaven companion you on your way.

But first—here in the shadow of this great gate—look closely at these sharp flints that wound your feet, this ancient, burning dust no wind ever reaches, no moisture ever cools. What footsteps do you see? None? What? Are you the first that have entered here? Your eyes are still blinded by your tears. Look again—more closely. You see them now, so thick set, so lying one upon another, that nowhere is there space between. The very dust itself is but the flints ground fine by the age-long pressure of the feet of men—by the myriads upon myriads that have

stood, as you stand, and have heard these iron gates clang to behind them, with the clash as of a final doom, shutting off forever the easy pleasances, the green meadows and the cooling streams. Where else, in all the worlds, will you find a highway so trodden as this straight, narrow track through the Gate of Failure, where each man must walk alone? One by one, through all the past, all who have entered into life have entered here. Here are women's footsteps, and children's, mingling with the heavy print of warriors whose mighty armies could not serve them here. Here Rameses stood beaten, baffled, all but crushed. Here trod Cæsar and Attila, Ghenghis Khan and Tamerlane, Charlemagne and Napoleon; and each alone. Here Peter laid his head upon his hands and wept—the Master taken and his own loyal faith denied. Here Paul stood in his chains. Here Joan of Arc lay through the long martyrdom of her imprisonment to face the defamers of her king with the truth of her own soul. Here Osiris walked, here Buddha. Here Christ himself sank beneath his cross, to rise again and struggle onward to Golgotha—to the place of skulls, and victory. Is such victory too high for you? Would you tell me man cannot tread the path of God? Then see these other footprints, of the weak, the vicious, the pariah outcasts of the world. They too have passed, and must forever pass, this way. For this, the Gate of Failure, is the Gate of Life; and whether it be as hero or as craven, as god or as devil, no man enters into life save through the shadow of these portals, over these sharp flints and burning sands.

Oh my friend, one part or another you must play. One thing or another you must be. What records are your feet leaving on this time-old path? How are you fronting what no man can escape? Here is the test of what you are. Here you face your own being, for look where you will there is no other thing that you can face. There is no break in this great wall. The past is past. The gate has closed, and you stand, as naked as at birth, alone with your own soul—save for these footprints, that point onward to the desert where you, too, must go and learn to live according to the thing you are. From where you stand "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life." What way, what truth, what life, is yours?

Look out again upon this vast solitude. What is it that you see? Nothing? Nothing but dreary, desert waste? No fertile spot, no soil that has been tilled or watered, no sign of human labour, no fruit of human worth? Look closely, friend. This desert is yourself—the thing you are—and lies here before you: your way, your truth, your life, your all. Stand no longer like a craven sluggard—a weak, whimpering slave that must be scourged to his labour. If this be in truth the desert that you deem it, what then? It is your way. Will you not walk it? Would you be forever a pauper on life's bounty, reaping what you have not sown? Have you sunk so low you think the daily dole of charity a right, or that you are wronged by its withdrawal? Here before you lies all you ever gave to life, to love, to duty, to those who sought your aid,

or as in return for the love on which you lived. What other thing could you give than what you were? And all you were you are. The fates that strip you cannot take one jot or tittle from the self. At the Gate of Failure they take back what is their own. But what you are is not theirs to take. Upon them is the law: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still." Only you can alter what you are. What are you, friend?

Look back dry-eyed upon the past. Beneath the dream you dreamt, was the reality different from what still is real? You loved? You still can love. Love is not changed by failure. It is only love of self that failure wounds: not love, but vanity and lust, that go forth seeking to return enriched. What was the truth? Was it yourself you loved? Was it only to take, that you strove to give? How much of baseness lay in the metal you passed as gold to all you called your friends?

You served? Then you still can serve. Here you say I lie. You did serve,—and now you serve no more; and this is the bitterness of failure, this the loss that leaves you desolate. Look well at this. You, who once served, serve no more. Be it so. But, O my friend, bow down your head and thank the gods for this their greatest gift: that you have served—you, being what you are. For service is the heritage of Masters; its heart the heart of God; and he who shares it shares the highest privilege of heaven. How did you lose it? Was it here in this desert of reality? Surely no, for here you have never been before, and here no thing is ever lost. Was it snatched from you at the Gate of Failure? No; it was its loss that brought you to this gate. It was in your dreams you lost it, if lost it be: in the dream that you could hold in pleasant places one whose way lay ever forward; that you could love a soul, and close your heart to all to which that soul aspired; that you could serve a warrior, and be careless of the cause in which he fights. Have you thought what an insult that dream was? Would you yourself be held, or loved, or served, in such a way as that? It was not so you served when you did serve. Lift up your eyes and see the thing your dreams have made you—the self with which you sought to serve—your gift of love. "Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou are wretched, and miserable, and poor and blind and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye salve, that thou mayest see." My friend, my friend, it is well for you that now you see. Here at this very gate—here because of you—day after day, while you lay dreaming, the one you thought to serve looked out upon this desert of your heart, and sought in vain to waken you.

Let us look back no more. The old life of dreams, the days that drifted with the tides of circumstance, the aims you borrowed from your friends

and took unquestioningly to be your own, the goods the gods had given you which you left idle and unused, and those others that you let usurp the place of your own will till they grew rank and foul and choked your soul with its possessions—all these are shut behind the iron gates, and you stand, freed from all, to face the Eternal and yourself. Here there are no winds or tides to move you. Whether it be to good or evil you must move by your own will. Here what is is, and will be till you change it. Here what is not is not, and never will be till you create it. Your world is now your Self.

"When the sun is set, Yajnavalkya, and the moon is also set, and the fire sinks down, and the voice is stilled, what is then the light of the spirit of man? The soul then becomes his light. With the soul as his light he rests, goes forth, does his work, and returns. What is the soul? It is the consciousness in the life-powers. It is the light within the heart. This spirit of man wanders through both worlds, yet remains unchanged..... For when the spirit of man comes to birth....he goes forth entangled in evils. But rising up at death, he puts all evils away..... Felling the wood himself, and himself building the dwelling ....through his own shining, through his own light; thus does the spirit of man become his own light. There are no chariots there, nor steeds for chariots, nor roadways. The spirit of man makes himself chariots, steeds for chariots and roadways. Nor are any delights there, nor joys and rejoicings. The spirit of man makes for himself delights and joys and rejoicings. There are no lotus ponds there, nor lakes and rivers. The spirit of man makes for himself lotus ponds, lakes and rivers. For the spirit of man is Creator."

It cannot be counted loss that "lotus ponds" are no longer your desire. Your soul does not wish to dream by them again. But whatsoever thing you will to be, that thing you may be; for the soul "is made of desire, and what is beyond desire." The desert that you now see as your own self is but the raw stuff of being—you do not know how fertile it may prove when you have tilled and watered it. You do not know what lies beyond those hills that rise on the horizon, nor how vast a world is this real world of the Self. Does it seem to you that so its loneliness is deeper? That I am saying you are doomed to live forever in a universe emptied of all but self? Would any man care to live and labour for himself alone? Do not turn coward with such childish thoughts as these. It does not matter at all whether you care to live or no. You *are*. And if you, "then God." The Self is vast with the vastness of the all. Between it and God there is no bar or wall. "The walls are taken away." Here is the loneliness of God. Here is His closeness to every creature. Here is the reality of every pain, of every joy, of every fear and hope your heart has ever held. Here is all holiness; here the deepest depths of infamy to which holiness may be perverted. You enter here the thing you have been. You live here the thing you will to be.

What is your will? Is it only this coward shrinking? You must decide. For *be* you must.

What is this loneliness you dread as you look out upon the Self? Is it in truth the Self? Is it God's solitude? If it be, then you must face it. But is it? Is it not a thing of the past rather than of the future,—a secret pain whose pressure you have always suffered but striven to forget and to deny? How often, in what should have been the closest touch of friendship, have you not surprised this loneliness unaltered in your soul, and found your love impotent and baffled before that strange sense of isolation and of otherness, that seemed to wrap your friend away from you as space wraps round the separate stars. Was this not so, again and yet again, growing, and not lessening, through the years of friendship? You would not face it, but was it not there? See: it is no new thing you fear, but only that the old fear, the old pain, can no longer be denied. May it not be that now, when at last you face it, you may find its cause and cure?

The loneliness you know and fear is not the loneliness of Self,—but of the denial of Self. You do not see it so as yet, but in your own experience there is that which should tell you of its truth. Was not your disappointment keenest, love's failure most bitter and complete, when you turned to your friend in order to escape yourself; when, for what you dared to call your love, you laid aside your duty? Did you not seek him as one *other* than yourself? Is it strange, then, that this sense of otherness should have risen between you, or that you should have found what you yourself had brought? And if you see now, and tell me, that you sought him not so often to escape yourself, as to find that upon which to feed yourself, I answer that that, too, was a denial of Self, as well as a denial of love. "Love seeketh not itself." But what I would have you recognize, as clearly as may be, is that, in each case,—indeed in all your outlook upon life—it was the lesser self you took to be yourself, and not the greater. In your mind you saw your friend *and* you; your possessions *and* you who possessed them; your pain and joy *and* you who enjoyed and suffered; your life *and* you who lived it. Your friend, your love, your very life were thus yours, only through this conjunction. In your hunger for sensation, in your longing to possess, you saw as external, and as other than the Self, all that is most truly the Self's own being. It is from this that loneliness arises; for this is the great heresy of separateness, which holds you, in an intolerable duality, ever other than the thing you love.

"Alas! we two, we *two* thou say'st!
  Yea, *one* wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
  To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
  Was but its love of thee?"

It is oneness that love craves: and oneness can be found only in the Self. What does it mean to seek others as the Self: to love your neighbour *as* yourself? It means to put away this heresy of separateness. It means to seek within yourself the thing you love. You will not find it there at first. But you will find that which is like it. By the will that is born of love, the Self then labours on the self to increase this likeness: to strengthen those interests which are your friends's interests; to learn to love those things your friend loves; to aspire to that to which your friend aspires; to fight for that for which he fights, waging the war he wages, not because the cause is his, *but because it has been made your own.* Thus likeness deepens and passes into oneness. Not outside your Self, not as other than yourself, but *as* yourself, one with the Self, do you then find and love your friend.

Do not mistake my meaning. You who have passed through the Gate of Failure, you who now front the real, cannot return to take imitation for reality. All that I have said says this. You cannot make your own that which is not your own; and the effort to live by another's light will mean only that you leave your own untended, till at last both fail you and you fall into utter darkness. The desire, the will which is to move you now, must be your own. You must "seek the way by retreating within," till you have found the truth that is yours. If it be love you find, if such love as you have thought was yours be yours in truth, if the deepest craving of your heart be oneness, and your basic will the will to serve,—here lies your road. At first, it will seem to you you travel it alone. This needs must be; for only as day by day you push onward through the desert, guided by the light within, facing its loneliness, trusting yourself wholly to the Self, seeking no other thing than your own Being,—only so can the heresy of separateness fall from you. Here you are separated from all but Self, that you may prove that in the Self there is no separation: that in it lies oneness with everything that is. And always,—when the loneliness is deepest, and it seems that you are lost where neither God nor man had been before,—you will find these footprints close beside the place you stand. Look: here went the ones you love. Here your Master walked that you might follow. Here, from the Gates of Iron, through the desert sands that lead into the boundless Self, there runs the pathway to the Gates of Gold.

All your life you have thought you sought this Path; you failed to find it because you looked outside yourself, where it was not. Now it lies before you. The words you have read, and read again, and never understood—though you thought you understood—unfold their meaning. Turn to them and find their truth in all their clear simplicity.

"And then the heart will bleed, and the whole life of the man seem to be utterly dissolved..... But, O disciple, remember that it has to be endured, and fasten the energies of your soul upon the task. Live neither in the present nor the future, but in the Eternal." The Self is

the Eternal, untouched by failure or success. "This is the lasting might of him who knows the Eternal, that he grows not greater or less through deeds. Let him find the pathway of the Soul. Finding it, he is not stained by evil.....The mighty Soul unborn grows not old, nor dies, for the Soul is immortal and fearless. The Soul is the fearless Eternal. He grows one with the Eternal, the fearless Eternal, who knows this."

"Kill out all sense of separateness. Kill out desire for sensation. Kill out the hunger for growth. Yet stand alone and isolated, because nothing that is embodied, nothing that is conscious of separation, nothing that is out of the Eternal, can aid you..... Desire only that which is within you. Desire only that which is beyond you. Desire only that which is unattainable. For within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere..... Seek out the way. Seek the way by retreating within. Seek the way by advancing boldly without..... Seek it by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within. Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know you have found the beginning of the way. And when you have found the end, its light will suddenly become the infinite light."

My friend, in all the years of your seeking, have you ever made this profound obeisance of the soul to the dim light that burns within? Have you ever bowed your heart in adoration of the good that it itself contained? You have knelt in prayer before the altars that other men have raised, you have reverenced the spirit that lived in other lives, but the spirit that was given to live in your own soul, has it ever known your worship? Has your own self ever been to you the temple of the living God? You have sought you know not what. You have worshipped you know not what. But now in this desert, where no light may shine save that which shines within, you are to know; for that light "shines from your Master's face." "Obey him, not as though he were a general, but as though he were thyself, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires; for he is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself..... He is thyself. Yet thou art but finite and liable to error; he is eternal and is sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy Warrior, he will never utterly desert thee; and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

God speed thee to that day of the great peace. Pray for me that I, too, may tread the way aright, and find you there—as here—for now you must go on alone.

As always,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN GERARD.

MAHOMET

IT would be difficult for even the far seeing gaze of a prophet to find in the early days of Mahomet,—in the lonely struggling figure, sharing with his handful of followers little but opprobrium and ignominy, a promise of the mighty prophet, to whose rule, both temporal and spiritual, flocked countless multitudes, and whose least word was law, fixed and unchanging for centuries to come. Yet such was the miracle wrought by so apparently unimportant an event as the flight from Mecca to Medina. Tradition gives a very full account of the Prophet's arrival at Medina; of his reception by an enthusiastic multitude; of his entry into the city on his camel Al Caswa, and of his decision to make his home on the spot where the camel chose to stop. Many are the picturesque details of the first few months of this new life, when the Faithful all joined in the raising of a mosque on the site chosen by the camel, Mahomet taking a leading part both in the work and in the rhythmic chant which all sang as they labored. The mosque, a large structure, was of wood with a thatched roof, and at the side was built a small cabin for the prophet's wife, a new cabin being put up with each addition to his harem, which finally numbered ten. Every detail of the worship of these early days became the fixed ritual followed by the Faithful through the twelve centuries that have intervened. The call to prayer, for instance, now heard from every minaret and dome in Mohammedan countries, was first sounded by Bilâl, the Prophet's servant, a stalwart negro of mighty voice, after a controversy in which it was decided that neither the Jewish trumpet nor the Christian bell could be adopted for the new religion.

Five times daily, from the roof of the mosque, the cry rang forth, summoning the Faithful to prayer, and each day saw an increasingly greater response, for soon the followers of the Prophet included nominally the whole city. These followers were divided into the converts from Mecca, known as the Refugees, a small band, upon whose unswerving loyalty Mahomet could depend to the uttermost; the converts of Medina, known as the Citizens, who vied in loyalty and enthusiam with the Refugees, but who were bound to defend Mahomet only in case of attack; and besides these, a large number of unconverted citizens who at first remained neutral, but later became known as the Disaffected, when jealousy and discontent stirred them to political antagonism. Another important factor in the community were the three rich and powerful Jewish tribes, dwelling in separate settlements on the outskirts of the city. These Mahomet made every effort to win over, stressing all points common to the two faiths, adopting certain parts of their ritual, encouraging them in every way to make public such of their scriptures as would substantiate his claims, and finally,

entering into a treaty with them by which they were assured the undisturbed practice of their religion and the possession of their property.

To weld together factions so varied and, by this means, to develop what had at first been a mere movement of reform into the magnet which should draw to itself all tribes and all peoples, would have been a well-nigh impossible task but for two things: First, on the part of the Prophet, an indomitable will and a firm determination to have vengeance on the Meccans, and second, on the part of the Arabs, an innate love of plunder and conquest.

As has been said before, the Citizens were pledged to fight only in case of attack and the Refugees were few in number, yet even in this difficulty the Prophet recognized no obstacle to his desire for revenge. One of the chief trade routes of the Meccans passed between Medina and the sea coast, and Mahomet began operations by sending out small bands of Refugees, perhaps thirty in number, to attack the richly laden caravans. The gradually increasing success of these expeditions, bringing a greater number of volunteers to each succeeding raid, and culminating in the battle of Bedr, is a needlessly long story. Its chief interest lies in the skill, one might almost say the craft, with which Mahomet strengthened his position with every victory and plausibly turned to his own account even his defeats, showing by special revelation that such reverses were sent to sift the true from the untrue. For, with the change from Mecca to Medina, the character of the revelations changes; they are ready at hand with every exigency, explain away every difficulty, and second the Prophet's wishes on every concern, from domestic discords to matters of world empire.

The battle of Bedr is one of the great days in Moslem history. In it, a handful of Citizens and Refugees (for many of the Citizens were now taking part in all ventures), met and overwhelmingly defeated a large army from Mecca, roused by the depredations on their caravans. This victory told tremendously in favor of Mahomet, being regarded as proof that the Divine sanction was vouchsafed both him and his cause. It was followed a year later by the battle of Ohod, between the same army from Mecca and a larger force from Medina, but this time victory was on the side of the Meccans. This, as the Moslem army hastened sadly home, in fear lest defeat should be followed up by an attack on the city, would have acted correspondingly against the Prophet, but for his quick grasp of the situation and his decisive action. Though much disheartened by the turn of affairs, he concealed his chagrin, and in the face of the murmurings of the Disaffected, announced an immediate expedition in pursuit of the Meccans, with subtlety emphasizing the fact that none but the heroes of the field of Ohod might accompany him. This expedition saw no fighting, merely making a brave show in the rear of the enemy, but it effected the desired result at home where those who had fallen in the disastrous battle were soon regarded as glorious martyrs to the faith, and those who had held aloof were glad

to cover up their shame. In one other great battle—the Battle of the Ditch, in which Medina was besieged for fifteen days—victory was on the side of the Prophet and was ascribed by him to the miraculous intervention of the heavenly host. In all this warring of kindred tribes, it is interesting to note that the Coreishites were loath, at the last minute, to enter into actual combat with fathers, brothers and kinsfolk, whereas the Moslems already began to show the zealous fanaticism so characteristic in later years, and Mahomet himself, filled with the desire for vengeance, inspired his men to martial valor, calling on the Lord to put his enemies to confusion and consume them in the fires of hell, and giving forth revelations filled with the promise of victory. Another curious thing in the accounts of these battles is the strong contrast which they offer when compared with military tactics of the present day. Two great armies (consisting of perhaps one, two or three thousand men) were drawn up in battle array. Mighty heroes from the opposing sides, next challenged one another and fought single-handed, Homeric fashion. The two armies then fell upon each other hurling clouds of arrows and stones; unevenness of the ground or the disadvantageous position of the sun would determine the battle one way or the other, and after a bloody contest the armies would withdraw, one having lost perhaps five men, and the other as many as twenty.

As time passed and Mahomet's religion grew increasingly more positive and definite, he became more and more troubled by the Disaffected and the Jews, the latter in particular, asking him questions difficult to parry, and attacking him with poems and lampoons which were quick to pass from mouth to mouth. Already, however, the devotion of the Faithful was such as to secure to him a far-reaching system of espionage, as well as the means of removing those of his enemies who were particularly objectionable to him. Fanaticism had reached the point where brother would turn upon brother; and at the Prophet's impatient exclamation, "Who will rid me of this troublesome man"; there were always ready those who would assassinate the offender, and receive in return the Prophet's hearty commendation for having slain an enemy of the Lord. In no long time, by means of this policy, Mahomet's power became absolute; by his open practice of polygamy, he had somtime since broken definitely with the Christian faith, and he now ceased entirely his conciliatory advances toward the Jews. It will be remembered that Jerusalem had for long been held as the center or Kibla of Moslem worship. Coalition of the two faiths having become recognizedly impossible, Mahomet was not slow to realize the advantage of taking the Kaaba as his Kibla, thus identifying his religion with the very heart of the religion of the peninsula. However, no plausible excuse could be found for such a change, so at length, according to tradition, he remarked to Gabriel, "O, Gabriel! would that the Lord might change my face at prayer away from the Kibla of the Jews!" And in time the answering revelation came, "—we shall cause thee

to turn toward a Kibla that shall please thee. Turn therefore thy face toward the holy temple of Mecca. Wheresoever ye be, when ye pray turn toward the same." This is a fair example of the politic uses to which the revelations were now put.

The first excuse for an open break with the Jews came through a trifling political question and resulted in the complete expulsion of one tribe after a siege of several weeks. One by one, the other tribes were commanded to leave, and the fact that these rich and formerly powerful people allied in one way or another, with many of the leading factions in Medina, could be thus summarily dealt with, shows the height of power to which Mahomet had ascended. There are many moments in this chapter of Moslem history when success hung by a thread, as, for instance, in the long seige of this fated tribe, when the Disaffected, though holding aloof, might at any instant, have thrown their support on the side of the beleagured Jews. The latter, however, at the critical moment, openly supported by no one and thinking their cause hopeless, yielded, and by adding one more to the Moslem victories, still further strengthened the Prophet's position. The story of his treatment of the Jews shows Mahomet becoming ever more and more skilled in his understanding of men, in his ability to gauge to a nicety the loyalty of his followers, to weigh all the factors of a political situation, to choose the most critical moment and to strike, whether with calm deliberation or with swift decisiveness, the most telling blow,—in a word it shows the development of a genius for leadership.

One incident in his dealing with these people evidences a treachery which had hitherto been unapparent. The last of the tribes, that of the Coreitza, having undergone a severe siege, offered to lay down arms and leave the city, but were refused this privilege and finally surrendered, on condition that their fate should be decided by one of the tribes of Medina, formerly their sworn allies. This tribe was in favor of most lenient treatment, but agreed that the question should be left to some one of their number. Mahomet accordingly chose a man whom he knew to be filled, because of a recent injury, with a bitter hatred toward the Jews, and the sentence pronounced was death to the men, slavery for the women and children, and division of the spoils among the army. Mahomet promptly declared this decision to be "the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seventh heaven," and there followed the execution—practically the massacre—of seven or eight hundred men, lasting all day. Thus was accomplished the removal of the last nucleus of disaffection and opposition, but without doubt, the deed was the darkest blot on the history of the Prophet. It is noticeable that in every case, political difficulties form the basis of these attacks; Islam had not yet reached the point of openly forcing men to join its ranks; yet it is probable that any one of these enemies could have bought his freedom by professing the faith. This last act was by no means met with general approbation, but by now, the decrees of

the Prophet were clothed with a mysterious and supernatural sanction, and his treatment of the Coreitza had the effect of terrorizing all who opposed him.

Six years had now passed since the Refugees fled to Medina, years of the utmost activity, for aside from the numerous enterprises already mentioned, Mahomet had been occupied in a never-ending effort to win to his banner, either by conquest or by treaty, the tribes of the desert,—a people as shifting as their desert sands, their allegiance here today and gone tomorrow. His next step was a master-stroke. For some time he had realized the importance of giving practical evidence of his devotion to the ancestral faith; frequently had he stressed it as an essential element of Islam, yet for six years he and his followers had been unable to perform either of the pilgrimages which all had been brought up to consider an indispensable part of their religious life. Tradition states that in a dream he saw himself and his followers entering Mecca, without strife, making the circuit of the Kaaba, and performing all the rites of pilgrimage. It was immediately determined to make the attempt. The Arab tribes who had entered the alliance were called upon to join the expedition, in order to make it as imposing as possible, but few responded. However, about fifteen hundred in all, set out on the journey, in pilgrim garb and without arms, a supply of arms being sent separately in case of emergency.

The Meccans, on hearing of the approach of this host, were greatly alarmed and, fearing treachery, set out with an army to meet them. Mahomet, however, turned aside and went by another route to the very edge of the sacred territory; here the camel Al Caswa again stepped into history, refusing to advance further, and Mahomet, regarding it as an omen, decreed that there they should remain. The Coreish, who had fallen back to protect their city, now sent messengers to the camp for an explanation. The parley was long and at first wholly unsatisfactory, but as the Meccan deputation saw the extreme reverence which was accorded Mahomet, they became, by degrees, more and more deeply impressed, and at length, though they flatly refused to admit the pilgrims to the city, they entered into a truce by which peace was assured the two parties for ten years, and by which, also, permission was granted Mahomet and his followers to enter Mecca one year from that date, and occupy the city unmolested, for three days time. Mahomet thereupon sacrificed the victims he had brought, and returned home.

To the army of pilgrims, depressed and disappointed, the expedition seemed a lamentable failure. But Mahomet recognized in the affair the triumph that it really was. Without striking a blow, he had, in the making of the treaty, received recognition as the potentate of an equal, independent power; by the ten years truce he secured a time of peace in which his faith might gain ground among all peoples; and he was assured, in addition, all the rights of pilgrimage for the following

year. He accordingly reminded the people that his dream had set no date for their entry into Mecca, and a divine revelation further aided him in convincing them that they had in reality witnessed a great victory (a revelation of this sort, chiding the Faithful for various sins and delinquencies, frequently saved the Prophet from the odium which a direct, personal rebuke might have incurred). The same Sura meted out as punishment to those who had failed to make the pilgrimage, the exclusion from future expeditions of plunder—a most efficacious punishment, as the next year saw a victorious attack on a northern Jewish tribe from which vast stores of wealth were taken. When the month of pilgrimage recurred, two thousand of the Faithful, with sixty camels for sacrifice set out in their pilgrim garb, for Mecca. As a safeguard, arms were again carried separately under a guard of two hundred men. The Coreish, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, evacuated the city to a man, and for three days watched from the surrounding hills, the worship of the Moslem invaders. Mahomet led his people in the performance of all the rites, the whole two thousand making the seven circuits of the Kaaba, shouting in unison:

"There is no God but the Lord alone! It is he that hath upholden his servant and exalted his people! Alone hath he put to flight the hosts of the Confederates." Mahomet would gladly have remained longer and established friendly relations, but the Coreish would have none of it, and true to the agreement, every Moslem had departed by night of the third day.

In less than two years time, a trifling difficulty between two tribes, one allied to the Coreish and the other to the Moslems, gave Mahomet a pretext for declaring that the ten years truce had been violated. Almost on the instant, he set out with a large army, taking the utmost precautions to keep his destination hid; allied tribes were summoned, to swell the number en route, and an overwhelming force appeared suddenly before Mecca, to the consternation of its citizens. The victory which followed would be amazing but for its testimonial to the prestige which Mahomet had gained. Messengers were dispatched from Mecca, who, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, embraced Islam, and were sent back to the city with the assurance that all who took refuge in the Kaaba, and all who remained behind closed doors, should that day be safe. Mahomet then divided his army into four parts and marched into the city by four different roads. In this triumphal entry into the city of his birth, better perhaps than in any other part of his history, we see evidenced the true greatness of character which made possible the fulfilment of a great mission. He was returning to the city which had cast him out, to the people who had reviled and rejected him; he returned a conqueror, their very lives in his hand, yet he showed not the least trace of his former desire for vengeance. It is true that leniency was the politic course to follow, but on this occasion, his magnanimity and generosity were too great to have been determined by mere expedi-

ency. His expressions of joy at once more dwelling in his home city were so evidently sincere as to win over even the Meccans and to cause much alarm among the allies of Medina, lest he desert his adopted home. He lost no time in granting a universal pardon, and contrary to the usual custom on such occasions, the list of the proscribed numbered but a mere handful (some of them real criminals), and even of these, all but a few were eventually pardoned. In the presence of a great multitude he received from its custodian the key of the Kaaba, only to return it with a perpetual guarantee of its possession. All the idols in the Kaaba were then hewn down, with the cry, "Truth hath come and falsehood gone; for falsehood verily vanisheth away," and heralds proclaimed throughout the city, the decree that all images of whatever sort must be destroyed without delay. Bilâl then gave the call to prayer from the roof of the Kaaba, and following the ritual of the mosque of Medina, Mahomet led the great multitude in worship.

The majority of the citizens accepted his authority and professed Islam, and Mahomet, according to his usual custom, left the remainder to become converted without compulsion, for he was called from his triumph almost immediately, by the uprising of several tribes, notably the inhabitants of Tayif who had stoned him from their gates in his days of desolation. These few remaining tribes were soon reduced to submission, for the victory at Mecca decided his supremacy once for all, placing him in position to assert his authority over the whole peninsula. No such authority, it is true, had ever been held by the chiefs of Mecca, but Mahomet had proved his power beyond question, and his subjugation of Mecca, the spiritual center of Arabia, gave him the semblance, at least, of a right to wield it. Furthermore, acceptance of Islam meant entire acceptance of the power of the Prophet both temporal and spiritual. Already he had dreams of a world power, letters had been sent, sometime since, to the monarchs of several empires—notably those of Rome and Persia—summoning them to consider his teachings, and plans were being made for the conquest of Syria. "The Mosque of Mahomet was now the scene of frequent embassies from all quarters of Arabia. His supremacy was everywhere recognized; and from the most distant parts of the peninsula the tribes hastened to prostrate themselves before the rising potentate, and by an early submission secure his favor. They were uniformly treated with consideration and courtesy. Their representations were heard publicly in the court of the Mosque, which formed the hall of audience; and there whatever matters required the commands of Mahomet, such as the collection and transmission of tithes and tribute, grant of lands, recognition or conferment of authority and office, or adjustment of international disputes, were discussed and settled. Simple though its exterior, and unpretending its forms and usages, more absolute power was exercised, and affairs of greater importance transacted, in the court-yard of the Mosque of Mahomet, than in many an Imperial palace."

One more bold stroke remained to be dealt at home; the year after his great triumph, Mahomet refrained from making the pilgrimage on the ground that many of the worshippers at the Kaaba were still unconverted and heathen rites were still largely used. Three hundred men from Medina, however, made the journey and with them Mahomet sent by messenger, a divine revelation, to be proclaimed before the assembled worshippers. This Sura commanded the Moslems at the end of four months time to "fight against the Heathen, wheresoever ye find them; take them captive, besiege them, and lay in wait for them in every ambush; but if they repent, and establish Prayer, and give the Tithes, leave them alone, for God is gracious and merciful." It further declared the unbeliever to be unclean and forbade his approach to the Holy Temple after the lapse of one year. The immensity of the distance that had been covered in little more than nine years, will be evident when we compare with this a Sura delivered before the flight from Mecca:

"Follow that which hath been revealed unto thee from thy Lord;—there is no God but he;—and retire from the Idolaters.
If God had so desired, they had not followed idolatry; and We have not made thee a keeper over them, neither art thou unto them a guardian.
Revile not those whom they invoke besides God, lest they revile God in enmity, from lack of knowledge."

The same revelation that decreed death to the idolaters, granted to Jews and Christians the privilege of holding to their faith, but only on payment of a heavy tribute—one-half of all their income. The Faithful alone were allowed, or rather required, to pay tithes.

The following year, the Prophet made his final pilgrimage every detail of which remains, in loving memory, a part of the ceremonial to the present day. In a discourse of some length, made before leaving the city, he lifted his face to heaven and cried, "O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry. O Lord! I beseech Thee bear Thou witness unto it," and but a little while after this, he prophecied his death, saying, "Verily, the Lord hath offered unto one of his servants the choice betwixt this life and that which is nigh unto Himself; and the servant hath chosen that which is nigh unto his Lord." Even so, the people were not prepared for the end, and received the news with disbelief and vehement denial when, a short time later, he died after a few days of violent fever.

In his public life Mahomet displays a most confusing contradiction of qualities; his moral courage, loyalty to his cause, and unswerving steadfastness of purpose bear witness to a greatness of character amounting, at times, to nobility and grandeur; he was capable of a lasting friendship, which in many an incident proved exquisite in its sincerity

and strength; to those of his own followers who offended against him, even in matters of considerable moment, he was lenient and forgiving to a degree; in his private and semi-private life he was gentle, kind-hearted, sympathetic and generous (it is said that he never struck anyone, even a servant, except in the service of the Lord); his mode of living was marked always by an extreme simplicity and even in the height of his power, while he permitted no familiarity, he was easy of access to all and treated every suppliant with quiet courtesy and consideration. Yet this leader of men whose greatness drew to him countless multitudes, whose winning personality bound to him many who would have shed, for him, their last drop of blood, was capable of treachery and deceit when dealing with a foe; stooped to underhand methods against the enemies who threatened his rising power; practised the most amazing fraud (in many instances, it would seem, a conscious fraud and no mere self-deception), in the matter of the divine revelation of the Koran; and has recorded against him the most remarkable career of physical indulgence, accredited to any man of equal greatness. Many men, considering these manifest inconsistencies, and regarding Islam as it is today—the unspiritual religion of an unspiritual people—brand his work as wholly man-made, having no connection with the fountainhead of Truth. Whether or not Mahomet accomplished what he was sent to perform, we have no way of judging,—what we are *permitted* to do, in our blindness, self-will and excess of zeal, is probably, all too often, far from what the Divine Powers would have us do,—but with all the great weakness and imperfection of the instrument, there is in the work of Mahomet, particularly in its beginning, much that is powerfully convincing, that bears the stamp of genuine inspiration. With this in mind, one feels an instinctive conviction of the truth of his cry, "O Lord! I have delivered my message and discharged my ministry!" And in the history of the succeeding twelve centuries, centuries of glory and triumph, albeit of outward growth largely, may there not be the answer to his further petition, "Oh Lord! I beseech Thee, bear Thou witness unto it."

JULIA CHICKERING.

(*To be continued*)

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it then with a continuous series of such thoughts as these: for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace; well, then, he can also live well in a palace.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

A SEARCH FOR THE SOUL*

AS far back as the records of time carry us, we find thoughtful men seeking for answers to the questions: What are we? Whence do we come? and, Whither are we bound? These questions appeal to us, as to our forbears, with undiminished insistence. Can they be answered? Can light be found to pierce the darkness out of which we come? We long for some searchlight to be fashioned that will illumine the shadows cast by the wings of death, so that we may know whether the friend who leaves us fares forth to fields elysian or drops into a gulf of nothingness. Is it demonstrable, either as a certainty or even as a probability, that the something to which we give the name "soul" is an actual and definite entity? What is death? Is it the end, or is it only a change? Is there anything in the universe that is permanent, immutable, and unchanging? If so, what is it, and what relation does the soul bear to it?

Modern Spiritualism claims to furnish an answer in so far as relates to the immediate future of humanity. If its claims are justified, the death of the body does not end our existence as conscious and intelligent entities. Accepting its claims as true, death is not the end. An intelligent something survives. A something conscious and intelligent that is identical with the conscious intelligence that inhabited the body that has returned to its original dust. But whether that continued conscious existence is of limited tenure, or whether that which survives physical death is immortal, are questions concerning which Spiritualism, as I understand its claims, does not furnish any evidence. While Spiritualism has satisfied a great many people, including many of high standing who have won distinguished honor in Science, in Literature, and in Philosophy, as well as in other fields, it has thus far failed of general acceptance. This is due to the following, among other causes:

First: While a few eminent men of recognized standing in scientific circles have investigated the subject, and have declared themselves convinced not only of the genuineness of much of the phenomena but also that the human entity does, in fact, survive the dissolution of the body and can and does communicate with us, it is certainly true that the great majority of scientific men stand aloof and refuse to treat the subject as being worthy of serious attention. That this aloofness may be due to bigotry and unreasoning intolerance does not change the fact nor diminish its effect on the non-scientific multitude.

Second: The evidence is from the very nature of the phenomena of a character that can only appeal to persons having an intimate per-

* Read before the Psychical Research Section of Women's Department Club, Indianapolis, Indiana, March 17, 1915.

sonal knowledge of the alleged communicator and of the facts involved. Circumstances that would be accepted as convincing and conclusive to one person may have no evidential value whatever to anyone else. To one who has an intimate personal knowledge of the one from whom the communication purports to come and of the facts involved, the evidence may be such as the law calls direct and primary and therefore conclusive. To all others it is only hearsay, or at best, circumstantial. Communications coming or alleging to come from such a source are so far outside the common experience of mankind that the average person can only be convinced of their genuineness by evidence that is direct, primary and positive. While they may listen with respect to the declaration by others that they have had convincing proof, the evidence will not be convincing to them, because to them it is hearsay testimony concerning something that to them seems incredible. Instead of being convinced, they are more likely to believe that the narrator has been in some way deceived and imposed upon.

Third: The phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud. Many such frauds have been detected and exposed, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the true and the false tends to discourage investigation and to make people sceptical as to the genuineness of all such phenomena.

These are among the reasons why the general public declines to accept as satisfactory the evidence offered by modern Spiritualism.

The Society for Psychical Research has collected and placed within our reach much evidence that is entitled to respectful consideration, and that would be considered conclusive if the phenomena it relates to were within our ordinary experience. It is only because such phenomena transcend our ordinary experiences, and because they are not susceptible of proof in any ordinary way, that we hesitate to accept the evidence as conclusive. The genuineness of much of the phenomena is placed beyond question by the character of the men who attest their occurrence, and by the precautions observed by them while the phenomena were being produced.

May it not be possible, by processes of legitimate reasoning, to add to the evidence furnished by Spiritualism, evidence of a different character that will serve to strengthen and possibly confirm its claims? May we not find some reasonable ground for a claim not resting on faith alone, or on phenomena of uncertain validity, that as intelligent and conscious entities we not only do survive the dissolution of our physical bodies but that we are immortal? It seems to me that it is at least worth a trial.

Such a search necessarily involves an inquiry into the relations existing between life with our physical bodies which it builds and animates, and that hypothetical something which we call the "soul." In this connection, and for the purposes of this paper, I shall use the word "soul" as being synonymous with Spirit, and embracing all of that

something which is supposed to survive the death of the body. Incidentally, it is not only interesting and valuable, but possibly essential to the inquiry, to consider the origin and development of physical man, in its bearing on the possible existence within the same organism of two natures or two entities so radically differing from each other,—one purely animal and chiefly interesting to the biologist in connection with its physical evolution, and the other having its chief appeal to the student of psychology. It can hardly be doubted that there are, within the human entity, two radically differing natures. The biologist who considers man's nature only from the viewpoint attained by him in his study of physical evolution, makes no attempt to account for that side of his own nature that makes it possible for him to conduct such an investigation, which empowers him to observe, collect and collate the facts relating thereto, and to speculate and reason as to their bearing; unless it may be said that he undertakes to account for them by asserting, as some of them do, that the results of his labors and his lucubrations are mere secretions of his brain. For it is to this conclusion that the extreme biological evolutionist would lead us. If they are right in this, it follows that instead of that which we call "mind" being a phase, an attribute, or a faculty, of an entity that inhabits our bodies, and that can and does influence and direct their action, it is itself a mere product or effect of the action of one of the organs of that body; the brain is a mere mill, and our so-called thoughts are simply the meal that falls from its hopper. If this were true, their learned productions would evidence no more than efforts of the meal to explain the mill that made it. Instead of this manifestly absurd conclusion, do not the facts point to two distinct lines of evolution, and to the production of two distinct entities, each on a different and distinct plane? Back of the visible physical universe, reason tells us there is an infinite and intelligent power that originated, that controls and that directs it. Is it not more reasonable to conclude that back of the visible physical man, but associated with him while living, is an intelligent, a definite, and a concrete entity, and that the brain is merely an instrument which it uses? Does not all of the available evidence point that way? True, this intelligent entity is invisible, and we know of its existence only by its effects, but we do know that it exists. We stand beside one of the great presses on which a daily newspaper is being printed, and watch the white paper as it starts on its way through the rollers. We see it emerge, covered with printed characters, folded, ready to bring to our fireside a record of what men have been doing throughout the world, and we need no other evidence that back of that wonderful piece of machinery lies embodied intelligence and embodied power. We shall search the mechanism in vain for either the intelligence or the power, but we know that they are definite and concrete realities. We know that neither is the product of the machinery, and we also know that the machinery is both their product and their servant. We know that em-

bodied intelligence designed it, and that embodied power constructed it. We also know that embodied intelligence and power are directing and controlling its operation. We might as reasonably say that the intelligence exhibited in the working of the press is a mere product of its work, as say that the intelligence that directs the movements of our bodies is a mere product of one of the organs of the body.

It is necessary to distinguish between the ascertained facts of evolution and the guesses and speculations based on those facts. The fact that the human body, as well as other physical organisms known to us, are the products of a long course of evolution, is indisputable. It does not follow from this, however, that mind is simply one of the products of that physical evolution. The organism through which the mind acts is unquestionably a product of evolution, but no sufficient reason can be given for the assertion that that physical organism produces that which uses it and which is certainly in some respects, at least, its master and controls it. Nor, perhaps, is it material that in the evolution of physical man, his forbears may have been monkeys, or more remotely, oysters. But of this I shall have something to say later. The evolution of man physically has, as we know, been the work of that which we call "life," influenced by environment, and controlled and directed by a law which at all stages spells advancement. It is in this one thing alone that man's physical development has anything in common with the development of that which we call his non-physical nature. Both obey that which seems to be one of the great laws of nature, and which is embraced in the terms, evolution, development, and progress. The active element in the development of the physical body is that which we call life, while the moving force or forces in the development of the non-physical man is a something or somethings which we somewhat vaguely and variously characterize as spirit, as mind, as consciousness, or as will.

We know that we are infinitesimal atoms in an infinite universe. However insignificant we may be relatively to that universe, we are in and part of it. Physically, we are mere animals. In generation, in processes of growth, and in the manner of nutrition, there is no essential difference between us and other animals; and, like other animals, we die. Therefore, from the physical point of view, the questions,—what, whence, and whither, are easily answered. We come from that laboratory whence all of nature's organisms come; we are animated pieces of mechanism built by a mysterious power we call life, from the same material that forms the bodies of other animals, and when the life force no longer energizes us we dissolve into the elements from which we are formed.

But what of the non-physical and invisible things that go to make the complete living man,—the things we know as life, as mind, as soul, as spirit? If we survive the change called "death," what is it that survives, and is that which survives immortal? If we are immortal,

is it in that which we know as life that immortality resides? We speak of life after death. If a conscious something does survive the death of our bodies, is that conscious something energized by the same force that built and energized our bodies? Or, is it true that our real and immortal self is to be found in another something,—that something to which we have given the name "soul"? What is the soul? Is it a reality or a mere product of our imagination? Is it a distinct and complete entity, separable from physical man and apart from life? If so, can we demonstrate the fact of its existence, and can we analyze it and know of what it consists and wherein the element or quality of immortality is to be found? These are some of the questions that confront us in such an inquiry.

A study of life discloses no apparent difference between the life force in a human being and the life force in any other organism, animal, or vegetable. It seems to be a common possession of all of them,—apparently a mere non-intelligent form of force or energy;—one of the many modes in which universal energy manifests itself, as it manifests in those equally mysterious modes to which we gave the names gravitation, electricity, magnetism, attractions and repulsions of various sorts, etc., the true nature of all of which is as little known to us as is the true nature of life. Life has neither initiative nor discretion. Its work is done along certain and circumscribed lines. While the forms it builds may be and are gradually changed or modified from time to time, such changes can always be accounted for by changes in environment or in other conditions. If we are indeed immortal, it is plain that immortality is not to be found in that which we know as life. There is nothing of immortality in any of the myriad physical forms in which life manifests. That which we know as life builds, nourishes, and maintains our physical bodies, but in so doing it follows a beaten path, affected only by what seems to be a universal law of progress and development. All forms of organic life begin with a germ. The germ, while it has life, can never be anything more than a mere germ until it is fertilized or energized by contact with another living something, whereupon the combined life force of the two takes on a new sort of activity and develops a cell. The cell has the power of multiplication along certain defined lines and within certain definite limits, the extent and character of such multiplication being determined by the character of the fertilized germ. Each fertile germ is the embodiment of a creative thought,—a focal point which marks the beginning in the development of that thought into a visible form. There is no immortality in the germ, nor in the form into which the germ develops. A given germ marks the genesis of a particular form of life. History, as recorded in nature's enduring book of records, tells us of unnumbered species and forms of life that have sprung from primordial germs, have developed and flourished throughout ages, and vanished. No power can reclothe their fosilized bones with flesh, or send the currents of life coursing through their

restored forms. Nor have they left any successors. The entire type to which they belonged has disappeared.

Certain men, eminent in the ranks of Science, seeking to account for the origin of man, have imagined that all of those myriad forms of life that have flourished and that still flourish on the earth, must have sprung from a single germ. Ignoring the existence of many other "missing links," they have spent lives of patient effort in searching for a missing link with which to complete the chain between the monkey and man. Haeckel has assured us that he found that missing link in the fossil Ape Man of Java. The world is greatly indebted to these men. By their patient labors they have added vastly to our store of knowledge. But while we must accept the facts of evolution, it will be the part of wisdom for us to distinguish between those facts and the inferences that the extreme evolutionists draw from them. Thus: They infer that not only all existing forms of life, including man, have been evolved and developed from a single primordial germ that in some way spontaneously generated in the ooze and slime of a far-away geologic age, but that man's intellect, with all of its associated powers and qualities, all of that mysterious, unseen but apparently dominating side of our nature, has coincidently been developed from that same germ, owes its existence to our physical organism, and disappears when that organism dies. It seems to me that the first of these inferences is open to serious question, and that the second is wholly untenable. The second is the vital one. I refer to the first not because I think it has any decisive bearing on the question of man's immortality, but because its advocates seem to think it has, and what I say concerning it is merely by way of an aside from the main question. What rational ground is there for believing that the power that produced the original primordial germ exhausted its power in so doing? On the contrary, once such power is recognized, it is only reasonable to conclude that the same power could produce still other germs in unlimited number, from each of which a different form of life might develop, nor is there any evidence or any rational ground upon which to base an assertion that the same power may not be still engaged in producing other germs from which in time may be evolved other forms of life as yet undreamed of by us. What reason have we for such a limited conception of that Infinite Power that we know was able to and did produce a germ that marked the beginning of life's activities? Does not the power to produce a germ from which the monkey has evolved, imply the power to produce a different germ from which man has evolved, as well as different germs from which each and all of the various types of animate life have developed? Their first inference is based largely upon the similarity and apparent identity of the germinal vesicle in the various forms of verterbrate life, and the similarity observable in the earlier stages of embryonic development. It is obvious, however, that this similarity does not mean identity. The biologist may be unable to discern the

differences, but it is certain that the life force is never deceived or uncertain as to what mystery is enfolded in the germinal dot. When life takes up the work of developing a given germinal vesicle into a living organism, it finds its work definitely marked out for it. It never makes the mistake of developing the germinal vesicle of a dog into a man, or of a man into anything but a man. The dog it produces may be an improvement on its progenitor, but it is unmistakably a dog. So, the man produced may show advancement, but nevertheless it is a man. However, it is not with the development of the physical organism that we are chiefly concerned. It is not material to that inquiry whether or not man's ancestral line reaches back through the millenniums to the slime in which the original germ made its solitary and mysterious appearance, as some imagine. We are interested, however, in the second inference, that all of those things that we know under the term consciousness trace their origin to the same source. The products of physical evolution are all transient and all perish.

The eternal and unchanging things are all invisible to mortal eyes. We recognize the facts of evolution,—the facts of development and progress. What valid reason can be suggested for limiting the idea of originative power and of development and progress to these temporary and transient forms, or to the plane of visible matter? Is it not more reasonable to conclude that on the invisible plane and among the things that are permanent and enduring, that same Infinite Power may have produced, and may be producing, on other planes of existence, other germs that mark the beginning of other lines of evolution and development? Do not the things we have discovered concerning the operation of nature's laws suggest to us that those laws all mean eternal progress and development, not only on the gross and material physical plane, but on every conceivable plane of existence? Do they not assure us, with convincing certainty, that progress neither begins nor ends within the range of our limited vision? Do they not assure us, with equal certainty, that what we can see of progress and development in connection with organic forms, is but a link in an infinite chain? But, as to life,—life never appears as an originator, as a designer, or as a master, but ever as a servant, a builder, and a maintainer. While life is itself invisible, it acts on the physical and visible plane. It deals with physical things, and its work consists of the building and maintenance of physical structures. Those structures may be those of the microscopic microbe and animalculæ, or they may be those of the gigantic elephant or whale, or of those other monsters of the prehistoric age known to us only by their fosilized remains; they may be the microscopic algæ, or the giant sequoia, or they may be man. But whether they are one or the other, the life force that builds them is the same. The physical man is apparently, up to this time, its crowning work. We know that all of its work may be done in the absence of any of the phenomena associated with mind or consciousness. In all the myriad forms built

by life, it is in a relatively small number that we find any evidence that mind is present, except as the designer. Even in man, as yet life's highest achievement, we know that the body may be physically perfect, and may perform all of the functions necessary to its nutrition and its growth, and yet exhibit no trace of that which we know as mental action. This is true in cases of complete anesthesia or complete unconsciousness from any cause. Cases are not uncommon where such a condition of unconsciousness has continued for months, during all of which time life could only be sustained by artificial feeding, but the bodily functions,—aside from eating and drinking—went on without interruption. Life, therefore, is entirely independent of mind. But it is said that while this may be true, mind is not independent of, but is dependent upon, life; that mind can only manifest through a living brain; hence comes the argument that mind is a mere product of brain action, and thought a mere secretion of the brain. Plausibility is given to this claim by the indisputable fact that impairment of the brain is invariably accompanied by a corresponding impairment of mental power. This would, of course, be an inevitable result if that which we call mind is a mere product of brain action. But an explanation of a phenomenon is only satisfactory and conclusive if it covers every phase of the phenomenon and excludes every other satisfactory explanation. If the facts are open to another equally satisfactory explanation, of course the first is inconclusive; while if the latter explanation tallies with other known facts not explained by the first, the latter must prevail. If it is true that we find mind in nature separate and apart from the structures built by life, that fact alone would seem to be conclusive evidence that mind is not a mere product of brain action. It is too obvious to admit of doubt, that mind is back of and an active agent in all the phenomena of nature. The evidence is indisputable that the universe is ruled by law, and law cannot exist or be conceived of as something separate and apart from a designing intelligence. If the brain, instead of being the cause or the source of mental processes, is merely the instrument through which mind acts, the same results would follow an injury to or other impairment of brain substance. A workman cannot make effective use of a defective tool. The brain, considered as an instrument, is a more sensitive and more delicately adjusted piece of mechanism than anything ever constructed by the hand of man. If it is true that the something we call mind not only exists independently of the brain, but that it exists entirely separate and apart from the human entity, we have at once an explanation that invalidates the theory that mind is a mere product of brain action. By reason of that fact we know that the brain is only an instrument which mind uses.

We know that mind exists. What is it, and whence does it come? Nothing can come from nothing. In every phase of its activities it differs from any mode in which energy manifests. Therefore its origin must be sought elsewhere than as a mere mode of energy.

The structures which life builds show evidences of design, and are obviously the products of an intelligence that is beyond our power of comprehension. If we are to find a clue to the mystery, we must seek for it in this designing and controlling intelligence that appears to dominate life.

The man who is honest with himself, who has studied the workings of nature's laws, and who has enough intelligence to comprehend the significance of the universal and uniform reign of law, knows that the universe is controlled by an infinite, conscious intelligence, acting with power that is also infinite. It is not a matter of guesswork, or even a question of probability. It is to him an absolute certainty. He knows, also, that in the very nature of things, this intelligent and conscious power is eternal and changeless, and that it is the causeless first cause of all manifestation. It is not material whether or not he attempts to give name, form, or locality to this ruling something. He may call it God; he may give to it any other name; he may give to each of the many aspects in which he recognizes it, a different name, and call each a God; or he may call it the unknown and unknowable; but withal, he knows that It is. Men of all races and in all ages have not only recognized the existence of this Infinite Power, but have attempted to personify it, and have invested it with imaginary attributes which have only served to measure their own limitations. The limitless cannot be limited. The finite cannot comprehend the Infinite. In it we find the only thing which in all the universe is immortal, unchanging and perfect. In it we find that something that lies back of all beginnings, that something to which all other things are subject and subordinate. Wherever the human mind can recall, we find evidences of that Infinite and Conscious Intelligence and Power. Indeed, the universe appears to be an embodied consciousness combined with infinite wisdom and infinite power,—the embodiment of an in-dwelling, all-knowing, and all-controlling soul of things which we vainly seek to personify and limit when we give to it the name "God."

While we thus attempt to personify and thereby limit and define this combination of infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power, by giving it a name, the finite human mind is incapable of an actual personification of that which in itself embraces omnipresence, omniscience, and omnipotence, and which is of necessity without possible limitation. Its grandeur and its glory are ineffable. The nearest approach to its ineffable name ever penned is found in the story of Moses and the burning bush,—the bush by Mt. Horeb that "burned with fire" and "was not consumed." "I AM THAT I AM." In it we find the original and ultimate expression of all that is embraced in the ideas of spirituality, of mentality, and of power. Here we find the origin and source of that which we know as "mind," for mind is one of its inseparable attributes. By mind, as thus used, we mean that which thinks, which reasons, which knows, which plans, which directs. It

embraces everything that can be conceived of as pertaining to or falling within the definitions of intelligence and consciousness. Here also, in the completeness, the perfection, and the unerring certainty of its laws, we find something which co-ordinates knowledge into that which we call "wisdom." Withal, we find the obvious seat of that power which controls and enforces the operation of nature's laws. Infinite knowledge, infinite wisdom, and infinite power are among the aspects in which it manifests. Notwithstanding the anthropomorphic ideas associated with the name, our language furnishes us no other single word but "God" as the name for that infinite ruling power,—that power characterized by Jesus as "Our Father which art in Heaven." That Father of whom he spoke to the woman of Samaria when he said to her "God is a Spirit." Can we not recognize in that "Spirit" the soul of the universe from which radiates the infinite intelligence and power that we know rules all things and from which emanates mind?

What is man's relation to this infinite, intelligent and conscious ruling power, this God that is Spirit, and this Spirit that is God? When we come to study man, we find that which seems to show a direct and immediate relationship between God the Infinite and man the infinitesimal. As in God, we recognize all that is embraced in the definition and in the varying manifestations of mind, combined with power, so we find in man a similar, although, it is true, a miniature combination of the attributes of God, consciousness, intelligence and power. It is to this combination of qualities in man that for the purposes of this paper, we give the name "soul." We find in man conscious intelligence, coupled with power consciously and intentionally to direct and control the action of nature's laws. That is, we learn that he can consciously and intentionally set in operation forces that would otherwise have remained quiescent, and having set them in operation he can control their action and make them his servants. We find in him that development of mind that we know as reason. We find the power of abstract thought,—the power to create mental images,—the power to correlate facts, and the power consciously and intentionally to change the direction or to modify the action of most, if not all, of nature's forces. We find a something which is capable of directing and controlling the action of the body. True, its action is often influenced by the conditions of the body, and it often yields to the body's cravings and desires, from which is deduced one of the arguments in the effort to prove that it is a mere product and servant of the physical body. But, on the other hand, we find it capable of resisting and overcoming those cravings and desires, and in such manner as to demonstrate that when it wills to be the master it rules and the body obeys, even though obedience means the body's destruction. We find that it is capable of formulating and compelling the adoption of a line of conduct which brings pain and suffering to the body; conduct at which the body revolts, but to which this dominating something compels it to submit. We find also that while this some-

thing is a common possession of all, in the sense that all possess it in some degree, its action is not merely the uniform action of a principle common to all, but is a voluntary exercise of a power that is common to all, a power that, while it is *in* the body, is not *of* the body. We do find, however, that this potential power is present in greater or less degree in each individual unit. We here find a dividing line between life with the body it has built, and the combination of conscious intelligence and power which we call the soul of man,—that something in us that thinks, that reasons, that knows, that plans, directs, and controls; that something which numbers among its attributes imagination, inspiration, aspiration, faith, and will; that something which can love and can hate; that something which can sink in the depths of despair, or rise on the wings of hope; that something which has power even over life itself, and which can deliberately and at will extinguish the spark of life in the body it inhabits, a something which knows no such limitations as those which bound the activities of life. We feel that that something is the real "I." We also feel that it is an entity apart from our body, and that it is the seat of that power by which the body can be controlled.

Evidences of the existence of this other, different, inner and real self are to be seen in that class of phenomena recognized by students of psychology, and which they attribute to a something to which they give the names—the subjective mind, the subconscious personality, the subliminal consciousness, the subliminal personality, etc.,—phenomena which lie on the threshold of, or beyond the boundaries of, ordinary consciousness. Other evidences of its existence are seen in that which we call intuition, and again in that which we somewhat vaguely denominate conscience, that inward monitor which we can only partially account for as an echo of early and partially forgotten training and admonition.

While life acts within boundaries which it cannot overpass, we can set no limit to the power of the soul. Man can sound the depths of time and space,—can compel the forces of nature to do his bidding,—can create and can clothe his creations in words, or give them shape with chisel, pencil, or brush. The structures that life builds perish, but the products of mind, when they have been clothed in the symbols of speech, possess a quality that seems to partake of immortality. The words of Socrates, of Plato, or of Paul, are today as instinct with living fire as they were in the days when they first stirred the consciousness of Greek minds. An idea, when once given form in speech, whether written or oral, lives on through the ages. We may say that the great Teacher is dead, but we know that the things he taught still live. Jesus died on the cross centuries ago, yet his teachings live to stir the souls and mould the lives of millions. Confucius and Gautama the Buddha, both of whom died centuries before Jesus, live in their teachings to other millions, and the words of the dead Mohammed, whether for

good or for ill, shape the lives of other millions. The unknown grave on Mt. Nebo may yet shelter the dust that once was Moses' body, but Moses still lives in the laws he gave to his people, and he still orders the daily lives of orthodox Jews, wherever they may be. Whence comes this wondrous vitality? Whence comes this power that sways the souls of the children of men, although the tongue that spoke and the hand that wrote the words crumbled centuries ago? Whence could it come save from that boundless reservoir of conscious power that rules the universe? When we compare this element in man's nature with life and its limitations, are we not forced to the conclusion that they are entirely separate from each other? Do we not find in it an entity that is only dependent upon life to the extent that life furnishes it with a vehicle for manifestation? It is not a mere function of the body. It is the power that controls the body. The body is its habitation and its servant. In it we recognize the immortal soul of man.

As the infinite consciousness embraces all consciousness, it follows that the consciousness of the individual man is in some way a part of the Infinite Consciousness of God. God is therefore in a true sense our Father, in whom, in the language of Paul, as he spoke to the people of Athens on Mars Hill, "we live, and move, and have our being." It is in this element of man's nature that we find the only thing which seems to possess the essence of immortality. Whether the attempt to demonstrate by legitimate processes of reasoning that man is made in God's image, and possesses immortality, is successful or unsuccessful, does it not at least lead us to a point where we are justified in following the example of investigators in the field of science, and adopting the seeming conclusions as working hypotheses, and applying them to these, with other problems? If so, we find here an answer to the queries:— What are we, and whence do we come? We are living souls. We are immortal entities, emanating from and made in the image of God. And while it is true that we are but atoms in a limitless universe, we are in touch with each and every other atom, and the infinite and eternal spirit that pervades that limitless universe is in us and a part of us. Instead of the idea of our individual immortality being an incredible and unbelievable thing, it is the only rational conclusion that can be deduced from the known premises. Knowing as we must know that that part of us that possesses consciousness, the part that thinks, the part that reasons, that knows, that decides, and that compels our bodies to do, partakes of the same nature as that infinite consciousness that is back of all manifestation, and possesses a measure of its powers, we know that the things that enter into it are immortal. We therefore have a reasonable basis for the belief that it is an immortal entity. This being true, when we sift the evidence furnished by the phenomena of so-called Spiritualism, and winnow out the fraudulent and the doubtful, we find a solid basis for something more than a mere belief that what we call death is only a change. Are we not justified in saying that we know

that the body of our friend which we laid away in the ground was only his temporary habitation? Do we not know that he was an immortal entity and that he could not die? Reason harmonizes with the phenomena which the Society for Psychical Research certifies to as genuine. The working hypothesis not only is in agreement with all the facts, as attested by that organization, but a greater and more important truth is demonstrated. The soul is not only a reality, it not only survives the dissolution of the body, but it is immortal.

Our quest is ended. We have found the soul, and we know that it is immortal. But here we find ourselves on the threshold of other mysteries,—mysteries which, while they lie beyond the purview of this paper, are suggested by it. We have found that through unnumbered millions of years nature has been evolving and developing innumerable forms of living creatures, all evidencing design. But why? We have found man, the highest type of life yet developed, admirably fitted for occupancy by a tenant and actually thus occupied. Biologists have traced the physical organism back to its beginning in a germ and a cell, but whence and how came the germ and the cell? What is the mystery of the association of the tenement and its tenant? Whence came the tenant? Like the body, it seems to be also a product of a line of evolution. Can its line of descent be traced? Or rather, can we trace its line of ascent? Because, in both tenement and tenant, we recognize advancement instead of retrogression. We find that everything in nature is governed by law. We know, therefore, that the development of both body and soul have been in accordance with law. The biologist essays an interpretation of the operation of that law as applied to the development of the body. What, if anything, can we learn of the law that governs the development of the soul? These, with other problems, all lie beyond the scope of this paper. Other questions are also suggested with reference to the phenomena in connection with Spiritualism, so-called, and the communications which purport to come from disembodied souls, which call for brief consideration.

Suppose it is true that the purported communications that are received in one way or another through the phenomena of Spiritualism are in part genuine, and that they do, in fact, come from those who have passed out of the body, to what extent, if at all, can we verify them and assure ourselves of their trustworthiness, and to what extent are the methods employed in obtaining them justified by the results obtained?

The phenomena of Spiritualism may be grouped under three heads:

First: Those that are physical in their nature, including such phenomena as rappings, moving of articles, materializations, levitations, slate writings, etc.

Second: Trance, including automatic writing, trance speaking, etc.

Third: Clairvoyance and clairaudience, where without losing con-

sciousness or self-control, the operator or medium is able to see and hear things not within the reach of normal vision or hearing.

As to the first class, we are assured by those who claim to know that much of the ordinary phenomena thus produced do not come from the immortal part of the departed one, but from a part of the personality that, while it survives the dissolution of the physical body and possesses a measure of mentality, is itself physical and mortal, the matter of which it is composed being on a plane that makes it invisible to normal sight. Much of the phenomena appears to sustain this claim, but I know of no method of either proving or disproving it to the satisfaction of the average person so that it will be accepted as an established fact. Phenomena of this class might be conceivably produced by a class of physical bodies composed of attenuated matter as above described. Such phenomena are as a rule of a character that lend themselves readily to the perpetration of fraud, and at best can have little evidential value, especially as proof of immortality.

As to the second class, we can speak with some assurance as to the probable effect of such methods upon the living, and therefore as to whether the results obtained justify the method followed. In this class of phenomena the body of the medium is supposed to be at least partially occupied and controlled by a disembodied personality. The body of the medium becomes a mere passive instrument, its legitimate owner allowing the invisible entity to enter, control, and use it. Accepting this as correct, the danger to the medium is at once obvious and great. Concede the possibility that one can thus temporarily vacate or surrender control of the tenement he or she inhabits, and thus allow another to enter, occupy and use it, what possible safeguards can be provided as to the character of the temporary tenant thus admitted? If one disembodied personality can enter, why not another? If one thus voluntarily submits to being temporarily dispossessed, why may not the intruding tenant gain such control that it cannot be dispossessed? This would at once explain many cases where mediums have lost themselves and have been declared insane. Again, the intruder may be one who in life was depraved, vicious, immoral or criminal. The dangers are open and obvious and should lead anyone to hesitate long before consenting to encounter them. We are told also of injuries thus occasioned to those who seek to communicate, but this again is a matter where we can furnish no proof. Much of the most convincing evidence furnished us by the Society for Psychical Research has been obtained in this manner, and while it is of great value, I submit this query:—Is not the possible resulting harm to the medium or instrument through which it is received too great to justify a resort to it?

There remain those things which I have classed under the head of clairvoyance and clairaudience, where the operator has either acquired or been endowed by nature with the power to see and hear things not visible or audible on the ordinary visible plane, while he him-

self still retains full control of all his faculties. That such a power does exist, and that it may be acquired, is attested by an abundance of reliable witnesses. Even in this class of cases there are dangers. There is the danger that one will be suspected of being the victim of hallucinations, and possibly suspected of being mentally unbalanced. Indeed, the untrained psychic possessing this power will in many instances not be able himself to know whether the things seen are real, or whether they are mere phantasmagoria, due to a disordered optic nerve, or possibly even to a disordered condition of the brain. There is also another well understood danger, viz.: If that which the percipient sees is real, it is upon a plane with which he is unfamiliar, and he may be unable to understand its real significance. His difficulty in giving a correct interpretation to the things seen would be far greater than would attend the efforts of a savage who had never seen or heard of any of the common and familiar appliances of modern civilization, to understand, without assistance or explanation, the phonograph, the telephone, the trolley car, the automobile, or the electric light.

Beyond this I will venture no other suggestion.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE.

A FLOWERY PATH TO HEAVEN

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS declared that a pagan who had not heard of Christianity, if he had nevertheless lived up to the full measure of his understanding of righteousness, would be baptised by an angel specially sent from Heaven for the purpose, provided the man's eternal salvation needed the rite for its security. The declaration is a recognition of the essential unity of all righteous effort. It inspires one to attempt a restatement of spiritual laws in secular terms. The vocabulary of religion is worn, and has been so often misused, that it revolts many individuals. Some of those individuals, revolted by the old phraseology, look upon themselves as godless, though they are aspiring very earnestly toward an ideal which may be part of a Master's own view. If spiritual laws can be stated in secular terms, then like Aquinas' hypothetic pagan, such persons may find themselves in Heaven without ever encountering the hedge of thorns that is commonly reputed to bristle along Heaven's highway.

Let us take three common stages of the spiritual life and apply them to secular pursuits and interests. The three stages are (1) rebellion against God, (2) love of God for the benefits He confers (3) love of God for His own sake without respect to His gifts and benefits. Those three stages may be called (1) Hell (2) Purgatory and (3) Paradise. Everyone would grant perhaps that no man can by his own act pass from the first stages to the second—the passage from hatred to love, from Hell to Purgatory can be effected only through help from outside—outside removal of barring causes. But on the other hand, progress from the second stage to the third, from imperfect to perfect love, from Purgatory to Paradise, would seem to be not so much a matter of conversion as of a new birth. The length of the journey will vary with the intensity of a man's desire.

In every day parlance let us say that ignorance of any subject or thing and indifference to it correspond with stage one;* that the moment a human being has an interest in some special study or thing, the interest may be regarded as a Master's gift, as the Master present within the personality, and that stage two has been reached. Now whatever the interest may be—music, biology, dogs or business—it is for the individual his pathway to Heaven. In the truest sense it is "that state unto which" it has pleased God to call him. The man's task then is to develop his interest, the thing he cares most for—to work away from mild concern and casual attention until he arrives at complete knowledge and perfect

* Aristotle regarded ignorance as sin. Dante makes ignorance one of the three characteristics of Satan.

love. With knowledge and love would come power—the three characteristics of Deity.

In order to avoid abstractions and generalities, let us take such a widespread taste as love of flowers and endeavor to study how the love might make of a man a disciple. Fortunately through friendship with several ardent lovers of flowers I am able to write down facts—not speculations. Let us begin with a man whose garden is a wonder of loveliness—its profusion and perfection and delicacy and poetry drawing the word "wizardry" from neighbors and friends. Many years of neighborliness and effort on my part to imitate his achievement have brought me into his confidence. This wizard neighbor of mine does not look upon his love of flowers as an acquired taste (as I do). He cannot remember a period of his earliest childhood when he did not hanker for the blossoms that were then forbidden fruit. (May we not regard such inborn love and taste as the Master's gift from a previous life—the Master brought over with us, if we may so speak? The passage from indifference to interest, from Hell to Purgatory need not necessarily be remembered. Through past merit one may be born into Purgatory.) Observation and inquiry revealed a reverse side to my neighbor's love of flowers—a willingness to sacrifice himself for the sake of the love. Thus as a very young boy of nine and ten he would hoard the infrequent pennies that fell to him until he had a total equivalent to a flower. He told me that not till he had grown to manhood did he understand his little self denials as sacrifices—he was not conscious of any sacrifice. He wanted one thing, a flower. He did not want (except in much less degree) candy. He merely left to one side the thing he did not want in order to get the thing he wanted. He felt no more of a sacrifice than if, when offered pie *or* bread, he had passed over the bread and chosen the pie. His feeling was not that he had renounced candy but that he had gained a flower—the thing he really wanted. A few years later at fifteen, when pennies were still infrequent, he would hoard lunch money for the sake of some plant that had caught his eye. He would walk for hours in the big flower market, going the rounds over and over again, in the hope of wearing out the florists or of finding a "nice" one who would give up the coveted plant for the insufficient sum in his pocket. He was rarely successful in obtaining the plant he wanted. For though he was steeled against candy he was unable, in his longing for some special prize, to resist the appeal of humbler flowers, and thus while aiming at *japonica* would actually draw *lantana*. Years passed. He planted and digged and delved. Experience brought power. It brought him also the consciousness that for the sake of flowers he would give himself (and others) much discomfort. But he never felt the discomfort because his attention was not given to it. He was contemplating his end—wonderful blooms. In early spring, he would get out of bed after midnight without hesitation to rescue from sudden rain a box of seedlings that had been sufficiently watered. In hot midsummer he

burned a foul kerosene stove half a day in his bedroom to dry out some "slips" the prolonged dampness was threatening to rot. His plants seemed conscious of his love, his care, his pain, his taste. They responded to his desire.

One day while visiting him in his garden, I found him eagerly uprooting a lot of tulip bulbs. He had found a softer shade of rose in tulips and was enthusiastic over his discovery. "And where shall you put the former plants?" I inquired. "On the compost heap," he replied, with perceptible disdain at the stupidity behind my question. "The moment I find a finer flower," he continued, "I care nothing at all for the old one; I want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

His words amazed me. They belied the opinion I had for years been forming. I had always thought and spoken of him as an eager lover of flowers. But where was love in the make up of a man who with utter unconcern could toss away for the manure heap plant creatures that had done their best to please him? Was not my neighbor's whole interest in his garden a thoroughly selfish interest? Was not any small sacrifice that had been made, or discomfort incurred, made for himself? Did not my neighbor care for flowers because they gave him pleasure? Was not this feeling merely an extension or projection of self-love? Was it not merely a cultivated refinement of the glutton's interest in food? I can imagine that my friend through a long past had indulged his tastes and desires until the need for variety which such indulgence entails brought him to the world of flowers. He sought and found satisfaction there, but, to maintain his satisfaction, was driven to a more and more fastidious choice of colour and form and perfume. Of course he had succeeded in thoroughly deceiving himself in this process. He looked upon his taste and interest as very disinterested and unworldly. He contrasted the wonderful beauty created by his hobby with boresome shelves of cups, trophies of golf and other games. He even used the word "spiritual" occasionally of his æstheticism when he wished to impress himself or others with its wonderful superiority—though had he been pressed to explain the word he could have gone little beyond "refined."

This neighbor seems to me a type of the mid-region Purgatory. The potentiality of love is in him but not love itself. He has made a definite choice between God and the Devil. He has quit the works of darkness, malice, unrighteousness, and has put himself on creation's side. He has made this choice because of the gifts and benefits that he sees proceed to him from God. He has escaped from the self-destruction of hell and cares now for self preservation. But he has yet to learn a higher love of self.

My friend will incur one grave danger when he awakes to consciousness of his real selfish attitude toward his garden. He will be annoyed. He will be ashamed. He will also be honestly sorry for his mistake. His danger will be that he may attribute to the flowers

some of the error and mistake that is wholly in himself. Realisation of his own selfish feeling would probably come from perceiving in another a feeling higher and deeper than his own. The contrast would show him the meanness of his own position. Now as no revelation of true love or beauty can be made apart from the Master through whom they exist, his perception of another's true love for flowers will probably be accompanied by some intuition of the spiritual world. The aspiration that in a perverted form marked his whole life will spur him with desire to dwell in the spiritual world—to come himself to knowledge of the Master. He will make an effort to turn his back upon past error. But in his mental confusion and blindness, instead of turning on his own axis away from the pole of self, he will very probably rigidly maintain his former attitude, and merely turn from the external thing upon which he has wreaked the wrong inherent in himself; he will choose another road, which he thinks is surer, to the Master. His "first fervour" will lead him to choose something quite different from his former interests. He will ban those—shut them out as from the devil, and will plunge forward in the new road.

All this is error. And if it is continued the man will find his image of the Master so unattractive as to repel instead of inciting. The Master was in his first interest. It is the Master's loveliness and grace that the man unknowingly admired in the many flowers. And the man will find the Master by learning to know the flowers as they really are, by loving them for themselves, because they are so sweet, and lovely and wonderfully coloured. He must come to respect and reverence them as creatures, and conduct himself toward them with the courtesy and gentleness and affection due to children of the Great King.

Unfortunately records do not abound that will enable me to make this point clear. But legends and poems will aid somewhat. Fairy tales speak of flowers as sentient and conscious. Perhaps we have regarded such tales as mere fancy. The poets speak of flowers as containing the secret of life hidden within them. Wordsworth gained not only happiness from a daisy, but intimations of hidden wisdom;

> And all day long I number yet,
> All seasons through another debt,
> Which I, wherever thou art met,
> To thee am owing;
> An instinct call it, a blind sense;
> A happy, genial influence,
> Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
> Nor whither going.

Browning thought a fancy suggested by a flower bell sufficient to stir up endless questions on life, death and immortality. Mr. Noyes has built up a long symbolic poem on Tennyson's line, "Flower in the crannied wall." With the vision of ultimate truth which poets from time to

time are granted, Mr. Noyes sees that all Heaven and all souls are contained within the compass of the smallest flower:

> Within the Temple's holiest heart,
> We came upon a blinding light,
> Suddenly, and a burning throne
> Of pinnacled glory, wild and white;
> We could not see Who reigned thereon,
> For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,
> The aisles were full of great white wings
> Row above mystic burning row;
> And through the splendour and the glow
> We saw four angels, great and sweet,
> With outspread wings and folded feet,
> Come gliding down from a heaven within
> The golden heart of Paradise;
> And in their hands, with laughing eyes
> Lay little brother Peterkin
> And all around the Temple of the Smallest of the Flowers
> The glory of the angels made a star for little Peterkin.

Wordsworth said he believed every flower enjoys the air it breathes. We may have thought that a pretty sentiment. Let my neighbor begin by asserting to himself his conviction of its truth, and by acting as if the conviction had really permeated his being. He must change his ruthless selfishness. He must no longer rudely and coldly toss away a rose the moment its brilliance dims and its form loses perfection. Without any sentimental sadness, let him endeavor to feel beneath the body of the rose its spirit. Let him treat the rose somewhat the way he would an ageing friend whose mellowing soul he feels is assimilating the experiences of an incarnation at the very time that the vehicle of incarnation is disintegrating. Is it not the shallowest materialism to believe that the rose life is contained in its petals? As a point of the Master's Beauty—a tiny cell of the Logos, shall we not expect a rose to share His immortality? What an enlargement it would be, what breadth, what power and knowledge, thus to come through sympathy with the rose creature into rapport with its consciousness. Consciousness cannot be limited to human grades. Just as we admire and enjoy individual human beings whose mentality varies from *o* to *n,* so may we not aspire in time to enjoy creature consciousnesses that are no less individual than human, though of a different order. Legends have told us of the language of flowers. Let us put aside our scornful scepticism. If we have a selfish interest in these lovely creatures, finding a selfish diversion in their tones and fragrance and lines, let us make a hearty effort to learn and love them as they are. That achievement will require a putting aside of self. In the effort lies a path of discipleship. When the man has removed his barrier of self, and really sees and loves the flowers

for their own sake, he is loving the Master and has found Him. He has learned how to love.

Conclusions drawn from observations in a neighbour's garden are applicable, if they be true at all, to other conditions and vocations. Most artists, perhaps, musicians, painters, sculptors, regard their own ideals and efforts as something foreign to religion and immeasurably superior to the religious aims and practices with which they are familiar. They feel that religion interposes a sifting lens between the world and the retina which permits only drab rays to filter through. Like Browning's madcap monk, they thrust the lens aside, and for their own satisfaction, look at the world as it is,

> The beauty and the wonder and the power,
> The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
> changes, surprises.

Artists usually spare themselves no pains as they strive to express through colour, form or sound the beauty they have glimpsed. By reason of this self-sacrifice the artist is pointed out in *Light on the Path,* as an example for emulation. "The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the occultist, who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire, and transferred his interest to the things which concern his larger span of life." A close scrutiny of motives under the surface might, however, reveal that few artists reach the degree of purity suggested in *Light on the Path.* They sacrifice themselves, as my neighbour did when he left his bed at night to go out into pouring rain. But self-pleasure is, ultimately, the end of all their sacrifices. They do not really sacrifice at all. They choose between two pleasures, reject the slight one and accept the vivid. New and harmonious arrangements of colour on canvas bring keener enjoyment to an artist than comfortable living in a fashionable neighbourhood. Therefore he accepts the discomforts of attic or stable for the sake of his canvas.

What would be the effect upon an artist's work of a new birth into recognition of the spiritual world? Would it not bring rivers where before there were only streamlets of beauty? Love of Art for the pleasure it gives had produced wonders of beauty under his skillful touch. But suppose the artist should apprehend Beauty itself in its Source, the Master, instead of the broken rays reflected from the clouds of matter. Might not miracles be wrought through his tremulous fingers? He would have passed from toys and self-amusement to Reality and self-devotion. He would find the small thing that he had cherished in a slight way magnificent in grandeur—and enveloped with the charm of personality, that last and final sweetness which gilds the gold dust of the stars.

C. Alvin.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

IN telling why I joined The Theosophical Society, as I purpose doing in this communication to the QUARTERLY, I can describe no state of mental unrest or spiritual dissatisfaction impelling me to quarrel with or to question the theological views held in the home and the neighborhood of my childhood and youth. I was subjected to no torture of soul involved in the doctrines of Calvin; indeed was scarcely aware of such harrowing teachings until I had reached years of discretion and could heartily concur with Dr. Holmes' assertion, If a man really believed in such dogmas, as he believes fire will burn, he would be in an insane asylum in six months. Reared in the atmosphere of New England Liberalism I was content with the reasonableness of its theology. Not scourged to revolt against the influences of my environment, I have, as already intimated, no wrestlings with inherited opinions to chronicle, but merely a simple account of how the theosophical philosophy fitted in with and supplemented visions of life—mortal and immortal—already mistily entertained. Such a story will be to members of the Society more than a twice-told tale. But I am constrained by a long-unkept promise to tell my simple experience—having no other to relate. I combat my reluctance to keep it, with a tale of so little significance, by the thought that it may chance to meet the eye of some one unfamiliar with theosophical doctrines who may thereby be lead to an examination of them.

The earliest knowledge I had of Mme. Blavatsky and her message was presented to me in a theosophical leaflet which came into my hands by accident. The little treatise told in three small pages of the doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma. Brief as it was, it was the first clear and sensible teaching of rebirth I had ever met. I was well acquainted with Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia;* had been greatly interested by the story of Prince Siddartha and by the Buddhistic teachings of the poem. I knew also of the ancient doctrine of metempsychosis, but these conceptions, coupled with their fantastic fables, made no impression on me. The simple theosophical account of the soul incarnating in repeated earth lives, until it has acquired the experience and spiritual development requisite to fit it for a higher plane of existence, was a wide departure from the idea of men being reborn as animals and insects, and it arrested my attention at once. This saner teaching appealed to me as something not altogether new and strange. It may have been "the reminiscent knowledge of a prior existence" which

prepared me to accept the doctrine of rebirth "in advance of Evidence." However that may be, I received it unhesitatingly as logically satisfactory; and, taken together with the correlative doctrine of Karma, as adequately explanatory of many of the mysteries of existence. In particular it afforded, to my mind, an absolute reconciliation of the astounding paradox of the cruel irregularities of life persisting in a universe created and controlled by Infinite Power and Infinite Love. Believe every one's condition in the present life to be the natural and inherent inheritance of one's own individual prior existence—and all becomes just and fair. Moreover I had felt for some time that the theory of the birth of the soul with the body was irrational and untenable. Apart from the manifest corollary that if the soul be without ending it must be without beginning, I had begun to doubt that the Creator would leave the consummation of the superlatively-greatest of His creations, an immortal soul, to man's contingent co-operation. I think the first hint of this doubt came to me not from a theological, or metaphysical, or mystical source, but from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' whimsical poem describing the courtship of his great-grandmother, wherein he asks, What if she had said "No," Should I have been I? Is it conceivable that the *soul* of the benignant Autocrat depended on that answer? Thus Reincarnation required no special pleading to win my assent. With its complementary tenet of Karma, emphasizing in unthought of ways and making clear the compelling teaching of the Master of Nazareth, I welcomed the message of the East,—was glad *to listen.*

With the introduction by the little leaflet to these novel but arresting ideas I read A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism* and Mr. Judge's *Ocean of Theosophy,* in the order named, and was fully launched on a systematic study of all the authorities I could reach. And at the beginning of this study I was greatly impressed by the lofty standard inculcated by the Masters—the spiritual elevation implied in the insistence on the absolute negation of self in any seeking for the Kingdom of Heaven. (I well remember hearing a revered Unitarian teacher—the Rev. James Freeman Clark—tell his people that a man who was selfishly and absorbingly concerned in saving his own soul hadn't a soul worth saving; and a greater Teacher has said, He who seeks to save his life shall lose it.)

The authority of personal and intimate knowledge with which these startling philosophies were expounded, even the assumption of absolute knowledge of the Hereafter did not deter me from giving ear to them. I had accepted as "gospel truth" Huxley's postulate that in the limitless past of Creation there must of necessity have been evolved beings as superior to man as man is to a black beetle; and I recognized the theory of the evolution of the soul as the necessary complement of Darwin's *Evolution of Man,* since such evolution is but a

half-truth without it. Therefore it was not difficult for me to believe in the source of the Eastern Teachings, nor difficult to accept the revelations regarding man's origin and destiny as based upon specific knowledge acquired by the Brotherhood of Masters through the long lapse of the eternal ages. Accept Darwin's and Huxley's theses—and who questions them?—and belief in the Masters, and in what they disclose of the past and of the future, comes easy. Believing from earlier than I knew in Jesus of Nazareth as The Master, reverentially so called by His Disciples—not the Deity, but the Son, as He called Himself—I could naturally believe in other Masters, other Sons—advanced beings such as Huxley predicates *"of necessity."* Nor is it unreasonable that they should be living on earth today. Not in the crowded haunts of men, but in this physical existence like ourselves, and devoting their, to us, marvellous powers to influencing the world in ways and by means beyond our dreaming; and that "they know whereof they speak," even of that which lies beyond the Veil.

And finally the light the Eastern Teachings shed upon Him who came to bring Immortality to light seems unmistakably corroborative of the identity of Source from which have come the Christian Gospels and the Eastern Wisdom. Each supplements the other, leaving, to my intelligence, no room for doubt of the external verity of both. Accepting thus the teachings of Theosophy as in strict consonance with the present conception of the true meaning of the message of Christ, I was instinctively drawn to the fellowship of the Society which is publishing and studying the literature of the Eastern Sages.

A.

"It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their benediction to their fellow men."

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

German Members and the War

"THE problem that confronts the German members of the Theosophical Society is how to help Germany. But to help Germany they must understand her, and it is notorious that to understand that of which one is a part is supremely difficult. To understand oneself we need and must have the help of others. So of necessity, if the German members are to serve Germany as they wish, they should be willing to give unbiased and impersonal consideration to the opinions of those whose friendliness for them, as fellow-members of the Society, it would really be ridiculous to question."

It was the Philosopher who spoke. He met with instant response from the others present, for they also had been thinking things over and had come to a similar conclusion.

"I do not think we have been sufficiently explicit so far," said the Student. "In my opinion the time has come to be quite frank, quite simple, and the *Screen* provides as good a medium as any other.

"The German members have not understood our attitude, and, irrespective even of the motive which the Philosopher has advanced, we owe it to them to make that attitude as clear as daylight.

The Theosophical Society

"Complete understanding, mutual and sympathetic, should always be the aim of members of the Theosophical Society. That we should agree is not in the least degree necessary. In fact, the Theosophical Society is not supposed to be made up of people who think alike, but, on the contrary, of people who, thinking differently, recognize that Truth is one and indivisible, and who are willing always to credit their fellow-members with the same whole-hearted desire to discover the Truth which they themselves have made the ruling desire of their lives. . . . Suppose, therefore, that instead of half saying what we think, for fear of wounding or offending others, we proceed on the supposition that we can trust them not to be offended, but to recognize both our honesty and our unqualified affection for them personally."

"Good," replied the Philosopher. "You have approached the subject from a slightly different angle, but you arrive where I do. We shall have to begin at the beginning, which means, in this case, we shall have to define our terms.

The Study of Nations

"First, however, there are three things I should like to make very clear. One is that we do not regard America as perfect, and that we

shall always be grateful for any light that German or other European members can throw on our national characteristics. I doubt if they could say anything which we would not immediately accept. It has been our effort for so many years, not only to understand ourselves, but to understand others, in order to help them—to understand both individuals and nations—that it would be strange if we could not see the lamentable defects in the American national character. As a group we have had many unusual opportunities to see nations as they really are. One or more of us has actually lived in Germany, in France, in England, in India, in Australia. As a group I doubt if there is a continent in which we have not passed considerable periods of time—Africa, north and south; Asia, America, Europe, Australasia, including New Zealand. So our opinion ought to be worth something—even of America itself! And if German members could realize the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone, it seems to me that they would be more open to receive, without prejudice, the light on Germany which we offer them.

The Power of Thought

"The second thing I want to make clear," continued the Philosopher, "is the vast importance of understanding *per se*. For one member of a community thoroughly to understand that community; to recognize its wrong-doing for what it is, and to deplore it as Daniel deplored the sins of Israel ("And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes. And I prayed unto the Lord my God, and made my confession, and said, O Lord, the great and dreadful God . . . *we* have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments"); for one member of a community to see and to act as Daniel acted, carries light and repentance to others as nothing else can. It does not follow, of necessity, that a word need be said. To see is to enable others to see; to repent is to bring others to repentance. Nothing in the world is so contagious as right thought.

Sin and Its Remedy

"This brings me to my third point. If an individual has done wrong, the most fatal and most foolish next step is to try to brazen it out. God is not mocked. Even our neighbors are not deceived for long. There is but one sane thing to do, and that is at once to confess, at once to repent, at once to atone, at once to do generous penance. And it is the same with a nation. If a nation has committed some great wrong, she will go from bad to worse and from disaster to disaster, unless she has the courage openly to confess her wrong and promptly to try to atone for it. Otherwise, whether for the individual or for the nation, there is only one salvation, and that is to be beaten to her

knees. It is because the divine powers love us—not because they hate us—that they fight always to bring us to our knees, first by trying to work on us interiorly, through our conscience, and then, if that fail, by aiding life itself, and the just law, to force upon us from the outside that which we have been unwilling to do on our own initiative.

"Consequently, if Germany has behaved as we believe, every German who sees it and who repents for and with his country, lightens the blows of national Karma to that extent, even if the force of his repentance be not great enough to carry his nation with him.

Responsibility and Opportunity

"The responsibility of a member of the Theosophical Society is far more serious than that of others, because his opportunity to see the truth is greater, and because his connection with the Lodge gives him influence for good or for evil such as no others can possibly possess.

"In the nature of things, the divine powers want to save all that is best in Germany. They cannot save her except by bringing her to her knees. She is resisting that with all her will. She resists it, in most cases, to the point of persuading herself that she has not sinned at all; to the point of justifying all that she has done; to the point of considering herself harshly and unjustly judged by others. It is what every weak man does when he has sinned: he sees himself as misunderstood, as a martyr, and then either hardens himself against criticism, or bellows his complaints, or accuses his friends of lying.

"This, I am confident, could never be the wish of our German members for their fatherland. Their wish would be to know the truth, about the war as about all other things that concern them; and then, fearlessly facing the truth, their one thought will be to do what is right in the light of it."

The War Not a Political Question

"We should begin, I think," said the Student, "by clearing up this misconception about politics. In that admirable letter from our Brother Raatz, which will appear in the current issue of the Quarterly—it is the only one of the two letters I have seen—he urges that to discuss the war is to discuss politics. That is a mistake, and I wish that German members could see why. Perhaps comparison with the recent Frank case will help them.

"For their benefit, let me state briefly the facts of that case as I recall them. A young girl of Irish descent was foully murdered in the State of Georgia. A man named Frank, of Jewish descent, was accused of the crime. He was tried several times, and was condemned to death. The Governor of the State did not think the evidence conclusive and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Local feeling had run very high. It was announced beforehand that Frank would, in any case, be killed. Finally he was taken by force from prison and was hung by masked lynchers.

"I did not follow the case in detail. I do not know and I do not care whether the Governor was a Republican or a Democrat. I have heard that a Populist writer has been held responsible by some people for the intensity of the local feeling. But that, again, has nothing to do with the issue. Surely our German members will agree that mob violence, that lynching, that defiance of legally constituted authority, are wrong *per se,* and that such things should be condemned by every member of the Theosophical Society, not because they were done in Georgia; not because the girl was Irish and the man Jewish; not because either Republicans or Democrats were or were not involved,—but solely because such conduct is wicked, and because wickedness stands out above political and personal considerations.

Another Illustration

"The same principle applies to the murder of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. That was a murder. It was a crime. For a Serbian member of the Theosophical Society to have defended that, or to have insisted that it was a question of politics and should not be discussed or referred to in the Quarterly, would have condemned him as blind to the real issue.

"That crime ought to have been punished, and if Austria had reason to believe that the Serbian Government would prove unable or unwilling to bring the murderers to justice, Austria ought to have used every effort to enlist the co-operation of Russia, Italy, France, England, Germany, to compel Serbia to do her duty. Incidentally, as no effort of that kind was made—Austria from the first taking the law into her own hands—it is a fair inference that the punishment of crime was not Austria's real motive, but that she used the crime as an excuse to further her other ends.

"That, however, is not the point. The point is that a crime is a crime, and must be seen as such regardless of possible political associations.

"So far, would our German members agree or not? I think they would.

Nations Must Be Judged

"It is daylight clear to my mind, and to practically all educated Americans, that Germany, since the beginning of the war, has been guilty of many crimes, and that unfortunately her Government, which is not hostile to the sentiment of her people, is in every sense responsible for what amounts to wholesale murder and to wholesale treachery. In other words, the responsibility for what Germany has done cannot be laid upon a group of irresponsible individuals. Every nation contains cowards and scoundrels. It would be grossly unfair to condemn Germany for the isolated acts of some of her soldiers. We do not do that. We simply recognize the fact that the German Government,

which is said to be supported by the German people, has proved itself dishonorable, barbarous, and guilty of monstrous murder.

"If our members in the State of Georgia are blind to the fact that the lynching of Frank was a crime, quite regardless of whether he had or had not murdered Mary Phagan; if, because we say what we think about it, they accuse us of 'anti-Georgian prejudice' or nonsense of that sort—one can merely hope and pray that later on, when their passions have subsided, they will recognize, not only our impartial sincerity, but that it was our duty, for their sakes, and for the sake of civilization and of Theosophy, to give them the opportunity now to hear the Truth as we see it, and to proclaim that Truth to all who are willing to listen."

"Now for the facts——"

If Another Had Done It

"Pardon me," broke in the Gael; "but before you recite the facts, I should like this question to be considered: suppose that France, while bound by treaty to observe and to protect Swiss neutrality, were to demand tomorrow of Switzerland the right to march troops through her territory and to occupy it temporarily, in order to attack Germany on her flank. Suppose that Switzerland were to refuse, and that French armies were then at once sent to 'hack a way' through to Germany. Suppose that France were to do this on the ground that the present German lines are too difficult to pierce and that therefore 'military necessity' compelled her to violate Swiss neutrality. Suppose that the Swiss were to resist to the utmost, and that, as punishment for this unexpected and irritating resistance, France were to burn cities and villages; were to blackmail, with threats, other cities, levying vast sums as the price of immunity; and were to put to death many hundreds of women and children and non-combatants.

"Suppose that, a year later, to defend herself against the whole world's execration, France were to assert that since she did this, and as a result of her occupation, she had discovered among the Swiss archives the report of a conversation between a Germany military attaché and a member of the Swiss General Staff, concerning what would happen and what could be done in the event of a French invasion of Swiss territory; and suppose that France tried to twist this conversation into evidence of conspiracy and were to point to it as a sort of *post mortem* justification of her conduct.

"What would our German members think and say? Would they protest and condemn merely because they are German and because Germany had been exposed to attack; or would they see a crime as a crime, and would they protest and condemn in the name of God, of justice, and of humanity?

"Yet, in view of what their own nation has done,—*could* they protest, until they have admitted, in sackcloth and ashes, that Germany had sinned the same hideous sin?"

"You have stated my first fact for me," said the Student, "although it will be well to add certain evidence while we are about it. Thus, as to Germany's original motive and original excuse for violating Belgian neutrality, it will be best to let the German authorities speak for themselves.

Germany's Motive

"On the outbreak of the war, the German Foreign Secretary explained that Germany must go through Belgium to attack France because she could not afford the time to do otherwise. This is what Herr von Jagow said:

"'The Imperial Government had to advance into France by the quickest and easiest way, so as to be able to get well ahead with the operations and endeavor to strike some decisive blow as early as possible. It was a matter of life and death with them, as, if they had gone by the more southern route, they could not have hoped, in view of the paucity of roads and the strength of the fortresses, to have got through without formidable opposition, entailing great loss of time. This loss of time would have meant time gained by the Russians for bringing up their troops to the German frontier. Rapidity of action was the great German asset, while that of Russia was an inexhaustible supply of troops.'

"In the Reichstag, too, on the 4th of August, 1914, the German Chancellor stated in referring to the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg:

"'The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong we thereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained.'

"The violation of Belgian neutrality, therefore, was deliberate, although Germany had actually guaranteed that neutrality; and surely there has been nothing more despicably mean than to attempt to justify it *ex post facto* by bringing against the innocent, inoffensive Belgian Government and people the totally false charge of having plotted against Germany.

"In view of such statements, there can be no possible question as to Germany's original motive. Furthermore, the step she took was not decided upon hastily, in a moment of crisis. It had been premeditated for years. Avowedly, the military strategy of Germany has been and is offensive, not defensive. It was impossible to conceal the construction by Germany of strategical branch railway lines leading direct to the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg—lines which were completed several years before the war. . . . No, as I said, there can be no question as to the motive, the intention, the predetermination.

Germany's Pretext

"Yet, in view of the outcry against her which her action raised,

Germany later did her utmost to reinforce her one original pretext,* namely that France was intending to do what she herself had done. It is an absurd pretext. France was most anxious to secure the moral and, if possible, the material support of Great Britain. France was asked specifically by Great Britain if she intended 'to respect and maintain the neutrality of Belgium' in the event of war. France responded by telegraph received on August 1, 1914, saying that she was 'resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium.' In reply to the same question addressed to Germany, Great Britain, through her Ambassador in Berlin, was informed: 'I have seen the Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer.' Pressed for something less evasive, Herr von Jagow expressed doubt as to whether he could respond further, 'for any response on his part would not fail, in case of war, to have the regrettable effect of divulging a part of the German plan of campaign'!

An After-Thought

"The charge that Great Britain had plotted to violate Belgian neutrality was not advanced until the Autumn of 1914. It was based upon a Belgian record of a conversation with the British Military Attaché. This conversation was so unofficial and unimportant that it was never reported either to the British Foreign Office or to the British War Office. On the face of it, as given in German publications, the conversation referred only to the contingency of Belgium being attacked; it showed that the entry of the British into Belgium could take place only after violation of Belgian territory by some other power, and it showed also that no convention or agreement existed between the British and Belgian governments.

"Not only was there no convention; there was positive and official assurance by Great Britain that British troops would not be landed in Belgium except in the case of violation of its territory by another power. Germany, as late as September, 1915, had not permitted the reproduction of the document which proves this, and which proves that her own accusation is untrue. It is a dispatch from Sir Edward Grey to the British Minister to Belgium, dated April 7, 1913, in which Sir Edward states:

" 'In speaking to the Belgian Minister today, I said, speaking unofficially, that it had been brought to my knowledge that there was apprehension in Belgium lest we should be the first to violate Belgium's neutrality. I did not think that apprehension could have come from a British source. The Belgian Minister informed me that there had been

* The original pretext is given in a Proclamation dated August 4th, 1914, signed by Von Emmich as the General commanding the army of the Meuse, and addressed "Au Peuple belge." The German troops, it says, are compelled to cross the frontier of Belgium. "Elles agissent sous la contrainte d'une nécessité inévitable," "the neutrality of Belgium having already been violated by French officers who, *in disguise* (the italics are mine), have crossed Belgian territory in an automobile in order to penetrate into Germany." Could anything be more absurd!

talk from a British source which he could not name, of the landing of troops in Belgium by Great Britain, in order to anticipate a possible despatch of German troops through Belgium to France. I said that I was sure that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British Government would be the first to do so, nor would public opinion here ever approve of it. What we had to consider—and it was a somewhat embarrassing question—was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgium's neutrality, to do, if Belgian neutrality was violated by any Power. For us to be the first to violate it and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium also. What we desired in the case of Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and as long as it was not violated by any other Power we would certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory.'

"As a Belgian is reported to have said:

" 'The Chancellor bases his accusations against Belgium of having violated her neutrality on the fact that the military attachés mentioned the possibility of military operations in case Germany attacked Belgium. With equal justice a murderer could plead that his victim was justly put to death because friends of his had been heard talking to him of coming to his help in case he was assaulted.'

"It would perhaps be well to add," said the Newcomer, "that so particular were both France and England to keep their part of the contract, that even after German troops admittedly had entered Belgium, it was not until the Belgian Government, on August 4th, had asked for French aid, that French air-craft, on August 5th, were authorized to do scouting service in Belgium. Not until the 6th were orders given to a corps of French cavalry to assist the Belgian army, and not until the 8th did the Belgian Government issue instructions that the Belgian railways were to be placed at the disposal of the French military authorities. France did not move in any particular until Belgium had requested her to do so. Neither did Great Britain—though her action came so much later that, in this respect, it has less significance."

The Essence of It

"Your facts are interesting, and I agree with every word you have said"—this was from the member whom we call the Ancient—"but any facts, no matter how well authenticated, are open to dispute, and Germans I have met, have so rooted a conception as to what took place at that time, that I doubt if you will find one of them prepared really to sift the evidence. Further, I do not think that the facts are essential. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that both France and England did everything that any German can allege against them; that they violated Belgian neutrality before Germany did so, and that they had plotted with Belgium against Germany (how any German can make such an allegation while his Government is trying so hard to prove that Belgian

Ambassadors were afraid of French aggression, is of course a mystery, but is one that need not be solved). Let us accept all these allegations as true. It follows, says our German, that his country was justified in doing what she did.

"What does this imply? It implies that if my neighbour steals from me, I am justified in stealing from him. It implies that Germany had and has no code of honour, but merely reflects her neighbours at their lowest level. Otherwise, no matter what England or France had done, Germany would have said, '*Noblesse oblige*. "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." I have promised and I must keep my promise.' She would have gone to the rescue of Belgium when asked by the Belgian Government to do so. Until then, she would have respected the neutrality of Belgium because she was pledged to respect it. Honour is honour, and a promise is a promise. Germany, on the face of it, does not think so; accepting all her claims and allegations, she does not think that honour comes first. There is no possible escape from that conclusion. The facts, one way or the other, do not affect it. And that is why Germany is universally condemned; that is why her wrong-doing is proved out of her own mouth, quite regardless of substantiating evidence. . . . But this is an interjection, and you, my friend the Student, can continue your own line of thought as if I had not spoken."

So the Student continued:

Moral Blindness

"Germany, then, violated her own guarantee, treating it as a mere 'scrap of paper.' She was treacherous, cowardly, dishonorable. And although it is true that her Chancellor publicly described what she was doing as 'a wrong,' he added in the next breath that 'necessity knows no law,' thus seeking to justify the wrong on the ground of expediency, and showing that he had no conception of any law, either human or divine, whether of honour or of principle, except his own notion of what would make for German military aggrandizement. He stood for the doctrine that 'might is right'; he was, so far as we know, supported by the whole German nation, or by an overwhelming majority of that nation, and he proved, in a sentence, that Germany is not to be counted among the civilized states of the world.

"The most appalling fact of all is that the vast majority of Germans would not understand what I am talking about. Even if they were to accept my statement of the facts, they would ask with hair-lifting self-satisfaction, 'Well, what of it?' They would resent the word 'uncivilized.' They would resent being told that their conduct might have been expected from certain Indian tribes of North America, or from some of the former Amirs of Afghanistan. But they would fail utterly to see the connection between the facts and the verdict,—the truth being that the worst penalty of sin is the blindness which sin

induces, and that Germany as a nation holds fast to the creed of her Emperor—'There is only one law, and that is my law'—and for many years past has acted upon it."

No New Thing

"Pardon me," interrupted the Gael at this point. "You say 'for many years past.' I think that is a grave and also a very common mistake. Sir Oliver Lodge, in his recent treatise on the war, speaks of the Germans as having been 'an incurably idealistic and mystical people,' and then, without seeming to see the incongruity, he quotes from characteristic German sources:

"'It is reserved for us [Germans] to assume in thought that creative rôle in religion which the whole Teutonic race abandoned fourteen centuries ago. . . . Germany and the whole Teutonic people in the fifth century made a great error; they conquered Rome, but, dazzled by Rome's authority, they adopted the religion and the culture of the vanquished. . . . For more than thirty generations Germany has struggled and wrestled to see with eyes that were not her eyes, to worship a God that was not her God, to live with a world-vision that was not her vision, and to strive for a heaven that was not hers.'

"The point is that Germany was never really converted from barbarism; that she still believes in barbarism; that her adaptations of Christianity are barbaric, and that while there has been much talk about Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, you need go no further afield than Mommsen to realize that his history of Rome is in reality nothing but a glorification of force and a defence of the German spirit. Even Lord Cromer writes of the 'collapse of the moral forces of Germany which has taken place during the last forty or fifty years.' There has been no such collapse. So long as the Germans were suppressed—and there have been periods in history when they were; so long as they lacked self-confidence, they tried hard to imitate and to adopt the customs and beliefs of their civilized neighbors. Hegel and Fichte and others labored industriously to persuade themselves that there was something in Christian idealism—tried hard to reduce Christianity to a formula that would conform to German mental processes; but they would never have done this if imitation at that time had not been fashionable. As soon as self-confidence was recovered—completely only after 1870—the entire nation turned with a sigh of relief to its natural paganism.

What German Members Have Confronted

"Do you mean to tell me that German members of the Society can fail to recognize the devils they have been fighting in Germany ever since the Society had a footing there; that they can fail to recognize, 'There is only one law, and that is my law,' as the real creed of their nation—working out, with ever-increasing ruthlessness. with the most vulgar self-assertion and the most brutal egotism, into all departments

of life—into the relations of men and women, parents and children, into art and science and commerce? Have they forgotten the poster which advertised broadcast the Cologne Exhibition of 1914—the naked Hun, with flaming torch, on horse-back? It has been said that that flamboyant poster was part of the German Emperor's deliberate campaign to advertise Germany to the Germans. and to impress upon the German people their characteristics and their destiny as he proudly saw them. But there is no need to bring the Emperor into it. The advertisement tells its own story. . . . Truly the German members ought to understand. They have had their hands full enough. Like St. Paul, they have had 'to fight with beasts at Ephesus.'"

German Discipline

"How do you reconcile so anarchistical a creed as you have cited, with the German genius for order and discipline?" It was the Objector who raised the question.

"There is no contradiction," answered the Gael. "German Imperialism and Socialism are twins. That was demonstrated years ago. M. Demolins merely repeated unanswerable arguments. It is a fact we have often discussed and which has often been referred to in the *Screen*. And when an entire nation shares a creed and is set on its realization, not only personally but nationally; when, as in the legions of Satan, the individual sees that his own ends can be gained only by concerted action, then discipline becomes Satanically perfect and organization is used for selfish and evil purposes. Such discipline contains elements of violent disruption, but, if one may judge by the Black Lodge, these elements may be suppressed for an astonishing length of time."

Inhumanity

"Do not let us side-track our discussion," said the Student. "We have considered Germany's most obvious offence in this war—the violation of Belgian neutrality. I should like to know whether the German members have read the 'Report of the Committee on Alleged German Outrages' in Belgium and France, and if they have read the reply of their own Government to that Report. The Committee, as probably they know, was presided over by Viscount Bryce. It reported that after a lengthy and detailed examination of all the available testimony, including the personal diaries of many of the German dead, it is proved—

"'(i) That there were in many parts of Belgium, deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.'

"'(ii) That in the conduct of the war generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered.'

'(iii) That looting, house burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German

Army; that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general terrorization.'

"'(iv) That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.'

"That report was signed by Lord Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Sir Edward Clarke, among others; and the old-fashioned conservatism of Sir Edward Clarke's statements are famous. The Report consists of 61 pages. The Appendix consists of 196 pages of carefully considered evidence."

Some Particulars

It should be understood that the evidence from Belgian and English sources merely corroborated and amplified the testimony contained in German letters and diaries. One or two extracts from these will serve to show their nature. This, for instance, is from the field notebook of an officer in the 178th Regiment, XIIth (Saxon) Corps:

"August 23rd. . . . Every house in the whole village (Bouvines) was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot as well as the women and children who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows; and we burnt it afterwards.

"August 26th.—We marched to Nismes. After passing Merlemont we came to Villers-en-Fagne. The inhabitants had warned the French [very properly] of the arrival of our troops by a signal from the church tower. The enemy's guns opened on us [the invaders] and killed and wounded quite a few. So in the evening we set fire to the village; the priest and some of the inhabitants were shot. . . . The pretty little village of Gue d'Ossus, however, was apparently set on fire without cause. A cyclist fell off his machine and his rifle went off. He immediately said he had been shot at. *All the inhabitants were burnt in the houses.* . . ."

Or this, from the diary of a German soldier named Eitel Anders:

"We then arrived at the town of Wandre. . . . Everything was examined. . . . In one house a whole collection of weapons was found. The inhabitants without exception (samt und sonders) were brought out and shot."

Belgian Testimony

"There was a Belgian official report on these atrocities, equally convincing. The French Government also has investigated, and has published the result, covering a wider field because including an account of the horrors perpetrated in France. But perhaps it will be claimed that committees appointed by hostile governments can bring in only one verdict—an unjust supposition in these cases, considering the personnel, and

yet an imaginable objection. Let us therefore include the testimony of a man like Emile Verhaeren, who probably, before the war, had more friends in Germany than in Belgium itself, and who was at least as highly regarded by intelligent Germans as he was by the literati of his own nation.

"In Verhaeren's recent book, translated under the title *Belgium's Agony,* he recalls that within two hours of Germany's ultimatum she was breathing forth the purity of her intentions toward Belgium. He continues:

"'She could have dared to offer open battle, but she preferred a treacherous ambuscade. And by this deed she has created against herself in the hearts of Belgians a hatred so passionate and so universal that it will go down from this generation to a depth that no man can foretell. * * * The Germans have waged no real war against us, they have been ravagers, thieves, pillagers, assassins. Courageous enough in actual battle, after each fight they have behaved like brutal cowards.

"'They have not been satisfied with the devastation caused by their armies; they have deliberately created a famine in Southern Belgium. Now, in the full twentieth century and in Europe, there are cries of a people dying of hunger. Help pours in from all sides. America is splendid. But how far will these gifts go to satisfy the hunger of whole provinces? It is an unvarying rule that conquered territories must be provisioned by their conquerors. But the Germans recognize no duties in warfare. They are glad that those whom they have not been able to slaughter should die a death even more horrible.'

"As an instance of wholesale pillage, Verhaeren tells how the station at Malines was blocked with 700 pianos taken from the homes in that town. He recites acts of savagery inflicted on men and women. He tells of a merchant who decided to stay in his country house near Antwerp with his two daughters, 17 and 20 years old. Five German officers took up their quarters in the house and were treated as hospitably as possible. An abundant dinner was prepared for them, but before sitting down to it the oldest of the officers ordered the father to be confined in his own cellar. . . . When he was released the next morning his daughters had been given over to the common soldiers, and one of them was insane. The other has since killed herself. The facts are vouched for by the French Minister of War.

Making Bad Worse

"The German answer to all these charges, including those contained in the Bryce Report, is simply a general denial, with the extraordinary reservation that because the men, women and children of Belgium fought to defend their homes; because they used every possible weapon, including boiling water, for that purpose,—therefore whatever was done in retaliation was justified; yes, the rape of women and the maiming of children, like the violation of Belgian neutrality,—justified

on the ground of military necessity! I do not mean that any single case of outrage was admitted by the German Government; but the sum and substance of its reply was—'Whatever truth there may be in any of these charges is easily understood for the reason that the women and children did so-and-so'!

"Now here again is an absolute parting of the ways between civilization and barbarism. There *can* be no justification for such outrages. The German Government, and presumably the German people, or most of them, think otherwise.

"What salvation can there be for Germany until the elect of her people see it, deplore it, and, for the whole nation, confess it to God with heart-broken remorse? And that would be but a beginning, for the nation itself must repent, must be converted, must be brought to its knees not only outwardly but in its heart, if, as a nation, it is to escape destruction.

"That is why so much depends upon the German members of the Theosophical Society. Do they realize the extent to which the fate of their country is in their hands? If pride and racial prejudice were to blind them, I should regard Germany as irretrievably lost."

The United States and the War

"Before we adjourn," said the Orientalist, "I really think that the Philosopher ought to explain what he meant when referring, earlier in the conversation, to the agony of shame which we have experienced during the past fourteen months, because of things which the United States has done or has left undone. I know, of course, what you meant" (turning to him), "but I should not like others to misunderstand."

The Verdict of History

"When history comes to be written," answered the Philosopher, "I think it will be recognized that to mind one's own business means to mind it, not to shirk minding it; and if I, having children, live on a street where another family of children is unmannerly and rough to the point of throwing stones at neighbors, it becomes part of my business to protest by every means in my power against such misconduct. New York and Paris are closer today than were Paris and Berlin in the time of George Washington. In fact, all nations now live on the same street.

Neutrality

"It may be that those of us who have travelled a great deal in Europe, and who hope to travel there again, feel our present situation more keenly than others. I can imagine myself in France, in England. I am from New York. 'Oh, an American!' It would be entirely polite. The contempt would be of the heart; not of manner or voice. On the international 'street,' I should have come from a house which had kept up 'cordial and friendly relations' with the house which had violated every

canon of decency, every code of honor, every principle of neighborly behaviour; which had attacked and injured other people on the street, so that nearly every house that counted, except my house, had risen in protest, had risen in arms—for the sake of the street as well as for its own sake. My house had remained 'neutral.'

"Neutral—'not yet ascended into Hell.' It is where Dante placed them. Heaven and Hell alike reject them—Heaven, to keep itself free from stain; Hell, 'lest the damned should gain some glory from them.' Naked; stung by hornets and wasps so that their faces streamed with blood, in perpetual pursuit of a flying banner 'unworthy of all pause'; crushed with the misery of their utter worthlessness—souls that refused to judge, that never gave themselves to anyone or anything, that feared the risk of failure, that neither a good cause nor a bad could ever force into the open! Neutral, as Pilate was neutral! The bitter shame of it!

A More Hopeful View

The Gael half laughed, half groaned. But he is optimistic. "Remember," he said, "what a French officer said recently to Rudyard Kipling: that Germany is saving the world by showing us what evil is. Even we may learn to hate it—and may learn thereby to love righteousness more than we love ourselves."

From an Occult Diary

That was the end of our talk. . . . And now for what may seem to some people like a violent change of subject, but which actually is the same subject—the one subject: 'Thy Kingdom come;' the everlasting struggle between good and evil, right and wrong, God and Satan.

The Recorder has come across an old entry in one of the diaries of Mrs. S., whose inner experience was made the subject of several *Screens* a year or two ago.

"I was feeling dreadfully dry and unresponsive," her entry begins. "In fact, my mind was thoroughly tired, and I had to use my will to read even St. Teresa—an unusual experience for me. What I read was a reminder of the Master's supreme power. So I turned to him, saying in my heart: 'Yes, what she says is true, and it follows that thou couldst give me all that I ask, all that I desire. My desire is to love thee passionately and completely, and to love others with the same love, because of thee and in union with thee. I ask thee, therefore, to take my heart and to make it wholly thine.'

"Actually I did not say as much as that, and before I had finished it seemed that the Master hurried to reply—almost impatiently, but perhaps that impression was due to his desire to use instantly, and before my mind wandered to some other topic, the opening I had given him. His words I do not clearly remember, but this is the sense of them: 'My child, what else do I want? For what else am I laboring? Do I not long to give you what you ask? Yet you know that I cannot over-

rule your free will. It is by small acts of self-denial that you must give me the material—the clay—with which to work. Then I can do all things.'

"At once I said to him: 'Thy grace is sufficient, dear Master.'

" 'But if thou wert not to use the grace I gave thee, what injury to thee! And I would be compelled to recover it, for what I give is my life, and I am answerable and must not lose it' (He said this in about ten words, in place of my forty).

"There was no answer to that, so I changed my tactics. I told him how tired my mind was, and how difficult I found it to galvanize my will to the point of making these small yet constant acts of self-surrender, which I well knew, as he said, were necessary if he were to do for me what he wanted and what I, in my real self, also most fervently desired. How could I galvanize my will?

"Now, I had been dreaming dreams of work elsewhere of other and more stimulating kinds, and the Master, smiling but not unreproachful, brought those dreams back to my mind. Then, without words, he made a sort of picture of a man grinding corn—and so tired of it; so deadly sick of it! The man would enlist—would do anything, rather than forever grind and grind that corn. And the Master asked me what I would say to that man? I knew! How foolish that man! Would it be weeks or months before he grew as tired of his drill or of his marches as he now was of his grinding?

" 'He is tired of himself and of working for himself: and he need not and should not do either. He could grind God's enemies to powder; he could provide me with endless force for the victory of God on earth; he could support armies; could uphold the hands of their leaders—just by grinding with that *intention,* selflessly and for love's sake. Are you capable of less? Realize that those small acts of self-surrender are all contained in one,—the surrender of this foolish thought that they are small.'

"That is what I want, O Master: to think no longer of my happiness but of thy happiness; to think no longer of my comfort but of thy comfort; no longer of my fate but of thy fate; no longer of my interests but of thy interests; no longer of my pains but of thy pains. I want so to be filled with love of thee that there is no room in me for love of myself. To know thee is to love thee; to think constantly of thee and about thee leads to knowledge of thee and so to love of thee. Therefore give me thy grace that, whatever I do or see or hear, I may act as for thy hands, may see as with thine eyes, may hear as with thine ears."

T.

ELEMENTARY ARTICLE

VIII

Standards of Conduct

THE subject of self-will is so important that I want to give some illustrations of its more subtle ramifications, and in particular of the part which it plays in our connection with the Religious Life.

People may be divided, roughly, into three classes: the immense majority who are frankly materialistic in their aims and desires. Most of them know of religion. They may even observe its outer forms and attend its ceremonies. But when the teaching of religion runs counter to their desires, which it does at once and completely, in nearly every direction, they thrust its appeal aside, preferring not to think of the rather unpleasant subject at all; or at the best, they make an unstable and uneasy compromise between what it demands and what they are willing to give. When circumstances arise which call for sacrifice or self-abnegation, it is an instinctive code of what is proper that influences them, rather than a conscious religious appeal. The world, as a whole, inherits from its own past a certain standard of conduct, which has little or nothing directly to do with religion. People are expected to maintain this standard, and anyone who falls short of it conspicuously is likely to be conspicuously blamed. A man who saves his life in a public accident when women and children perish is looked at askance unless he has a satisfactory explanation forthcoming.

Of course, the world's standard of conduct varies according to peoples and classes. We do not expect an African negro to act in all circumstances as we would expect a peasant to act; and the world demands a much higher level of performance from a gentleman than from a peasant. The point is that people do, as a very general rule, act according to their world standard. We expect and usually get a definite type of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation from the savages. If not, we are genuinely surprised. We expect and usually get a higher and less ignoble standard from the European peasant. If not, we are surprised and shocked. We expect the gentleman of any race to react in definite ways to circumstances, and if he does not we are very properly grieved and disgusted.

It is sufficiently obvious that this overwhelming majority of the

earth's inhabitants, who react to an instinctive world standard of conduct, have as yet very little to do with religion. Religion holds but a small place in one corner of the code of the best of them, and has no place at all in the lives of the rest. One can safely say that self-will is completely triumphant in this whole class.

It must also, I think, be obvious that this class includes a large number of "Church-goers," and of those who, from the standpoint of the statistician, rank as "religious." But there is another class, very, very much smaller, which emerges gradually out of the higher ranks of the first, and which does not in its lower levels differ essentially from the first. It is the class of people who really make some effort to shape their conduct by the ideals and precepts of religion as well as by the world's instinctive code. One might be inclined at first glance to believe them to be more numerous than they are. But this is an error, for the ordinary good person, even if he attend church service and listen to sermons, follows the world's code on six days in the week and finds that sufficiently difficult and onerous. He has to suppress his self-will many, many times a day to comply with that code, and the higher and greater demands of religion he regards as quite impracticable for business and the ordinary activities of every-day life.

There is, however, this second class of people. They recognize the higher standard and make tentative, repeated, sometimes almost vigorous efforts to live up to it. In moments of enthusiasm, when under some strong external stimulus, such as a revival meeting, they become, for a short time, quite fervent. For days they may maintain a distinctly higher level of attainment. But the impulse wears out, and the life settles back to ordinary levels and ordinary standards, until the smothering soul makes another desperate effort to rouse the will; or until the circumstances of life, usually in the form of pain or misery, spur the flagging energies to renewed effort.

Such lives are a perpetual oscillation, and such people are almost invariably unhappy. I shall come back to them, for this is the class which includes many readers of the QUARTERLY; but first I want to touch briefly on the third class—those fervent souls who have earned the privilege of loving, of feeling, and who, through love, through the intensity of their interest, no longer compromise with life, but, like St. Paul, keep the natural man in subjection, and press toward the mark of their high calling. They may still be full of faults, but they never waver in their effort to conquer them. They may still stumble and fall, but no matter how bruised or bleeding, they never hesitate to continue climbing. Fatigue does not daunt them; discouragement no longer shackles them; self-indulgence no longer ensnares them. All the common pitfalls of the struggling soul yawn fruitlessly in the face of the ardour of their love, which, burning always at white heat, carries them over every obstacle and past every obstruction. Oh! for some of their white fire to invigorate the flickering flame which is the best we can

show to the Master's longing gaze. Read the lives of the great Saints and disciples and you will find that they all have this common possession, so great a love for their Master that, no matter what the sacrifice, the effort, the degree of self-abnegation, nothing is too great to give and to give freely and completely for the goal towards which they strain. And they were happy, with an obvious and an increasing joy, which is a complete mystery to those who have had nothing of their vision. They do not see how anyone could be happy while giving up all those so very desirable things which the Saints obviously had to relinquish, and obviously (though strangely!) no longer cared for. Is it not just those things which redeem this rather soggy life from complete vacuity? Eliminate those and what is left? So reasons the secular and inexperienced reader.

Wherein does the joy of the Saint consist? It is a mystery to all but the Saints, but a mystery which they have explained again and again. They say their joy comes from love, from ability to feel. That this mystery of love is an inextinguishable fountain of happiness; that sacrifice ceases to be sacrifice when made for love's sake; that pain ceases to be pain and becomes rapture when borne for love's sake; that poverty, deprivation, all that the world dreads and turns from with a shudder of horror, are but badges of honour when worn in the service of love. As they have accomplished it, we must believe it, even though we may not understand.

How, then, can we of the second class, the oscillating neophytes, gain this great gift of love, that makes possible the doing of all those things which we find so impossibly difficult? That is the supreme question for our consideration. We can compose Rules of Life endlessly, but what is the use of them if we lack the will-power and energy to carry them out? How are we to go about acquiring the power to love, so that, for love's sake, we shall have the energy and will to mount the difficult steps that lead to Heaven? How many, many would-be disciples have asked this same question! What reply do the books make? They answer first of all in a paradox, a triangular paradox: to love the Master, we must know him; to know him, we must obey him; to obey him, we must love him. In other words, if I may be permitted an interpretation, I believe that the process is one of simultaneous and rounded growth. We try, and the reward of effort is the ability to try harder; we sacrifice, and the reward is the ability to sacrifice further; we deny ourselves, and the reward is increased self-control; we struggle, and the reward is a stronger will; we press forward against the grain, and the reward is a lessening of the disinclination; we try to love adequately, and the reward is ability to love better. In still other words, it is all a question of action. We must do something about it. Heaven is gained, not by reading, not by wishing, not by theorizing, not by teaching, or preaching, or by any other thing whatsoever, but by being and doing. We must act, not balk; do, not resolve. Reading is good if it be followed

by action; wishing is better, if it be dynamic. Teaching and preaching are admirable, if they be done for the love of the Master, as he and not as we want to do them. To paraphrase the Bhagavad Gita, which says that he who is perfected in devotion will find knowledge springing up spontaneously within, cannot we say that he who conquers his self-will and follows the will of the Master, who suppresses his lower nature, who keeps his Rule of Life faithfully, who sacrifices his inclinations and performs every least duty with conscientious thoroughness, will be rewarded—not all at once, but by degrees, as he remains steadfast—with that greatest of all gifts which makes everything so easy: a God-given capacity to love, fervently, ceaselessly, mightily.

C. A. G.

"Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all."

La Rochfoucauld.

Ruysbroeck, by Evelyn Underhill, is the only thorough study in English of one of the world's greatest mystics. This Flemish Saint, for Saint indeed he was, has recently become known through the single French work of Mr. Maeterlink, *L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles,* a translation of one of Ruysbroeck's most complete and popularly intelligible treatises, and to which there is prefaced a "beautiful but unreliable introduction." In English there have so far appeared only the first sixteen chapters of Ruysbroeck's *The Book of the Twelve Béguines,* and a few extracts quoted in books on mysticism. According to Miss Underhill, by far the choicest and most original contributions of Ruysbroeck to mystical literature lie buried in old and almost inaccessable Latin and Flemish manuscripts. Certainly her quotations are drawn largely from his other chief works, *The Book of the Kingdom of God's Lovers, The Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love, The Book of the Sparkling Stone,* and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation.* It is, therefore, a matter for special congratulation that Miss Underhill's indefatigable labors have introduced this leading Christian teacher to the English-reading public. Let us hope that a full translation of Ruysbroeck's works will speedily follow.

John Ruysbroeck was borne in 1293 and lived to be eighty-eight. At eleven he ran from home to his uncle in nearby Brussels, where he was taken in and surrounded by ideal conditions for the development of a religious vocation. For this uncle had but recently been converted "from the comfortable and easy-going life of a prosperous ecclesiastic to the austere quest of spiritual perfection." A Canon of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, he brought the young Ruysbroeck into an atmosphere of self-denial, charity, and prayer; to the example of lives governed by love for the church, humility, and zeal in labour for Christ. So we find Ruysbroeck "deeply impressed by the sacramental side of Catholicism," and for those who find the Sacramental ideal a stumbling-block in their conception of the Church, no more illuminating interpreter can be found. Two of his works, the *Spiritual Tabernacle,* and *The Mirror of Eternal Salvation or Book of the Blessed Sacrament* deal directly with this subject.

For twenty-six years, till he was fifty, Ruysbroeck lived the hard-working life of a secular priest in Brussels. During all this time he was steadily advancing in the mystic way, acquiring that degree of meditation which is called "continuous," and learning to serve and reach the Master through daily occupations and labours. Finally, in 1343, he retired to the hermitage of Groenendall in the not far distant forest of Soignes. At first a recluse, his popularity soon forced him to adopt the Augustinian habit, and in 1348 the famous Priory was founded. Here Ruysbroeck lived and ruled till he died.

Miss Underhill's book devotes but one long chapter to Ruysbroeck's life: the remainder is a sympathetic and masterly study of his mystical teaching. Any such attempt suffers by comparison with the writing of the mystic himself, and Miss Underhill's understanding seems to fall short of grasping certain seemingly simple spiritual ideas. For instance, Ruysbroeck's intimate conversations with the Master are explained away as "the intellectual framework in which

his sublime intuitions were expressed,"—as springing from the ingrained traditions and theology of the Catholic Church. We meet, also, such startling phrases as "impact of Reality," and "deeper and closer correspondence with Reality" to describe these communions; while further on we read that this Reality (always with a capital R) is the " 'simple' or synthetic unity" of God, the "Absolute Sphere," "Wholeness," or just "the Absolute." Such a conception of the spiritual world, or such phrases to describe its super-intellectual realities, reveal a lack of understanding not only of mystics but of a vital truth fundamental to all the higher spiritual states of consciousness. Miss Underhill seems to ignore and exclude all personality and individuality from the spiritual world other than the personality of the particular mystic of which she is then writing; forgetting, seemingly, not only the existence of the "Communion of Saints," but of the potent fact that personality can only become conscious at all through contact with another or other personalities on whatever plane they may be conscious. Personality cannot have intimate communings of mind, heart, and soul with impersonality. To limit spiritual "Reality" to an impersonal Absolute is to deny at once its Absoluteness and Wholeness. Miss Underhill's intellectual position is half-way between Western misconceptions of Nirvana, i. e. total loss of identity in an universal spiritual solvent, and the intensely human union of a disciple's whole consciousness and being with that of a divine Master. Consistency itself demands that as the upward process of mystical development is a refining and intensifying of the individual consciousness, so at the culmination and fruition, there should meet the soul in its new plane of achievement a consciousness real and vivid to a degree hardly imaginable by thought-bound minds.

Ruysbroeck, together with every saint who has attained this degree of mystical experience, testifies to this meeting with the Master; and with his disciples of all ages. Jesus Himself prayed "That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Yet Miss Underhill would credit Catholic tradition and theology with inventing such a, to her, unphilosophic conception.

Aside from this drawback, which runs through all that Miss Underhill has written, her interpretation and elucidation of Ruysbroeck's system,—her carefully analysed and brilliantly detailed vision of the steps in the "Seven Degrees of the Ladder of Love" to the final goal of "glory" in the life "beyond the Trinity Itself . . . where all lines find their end"—is made so admirably lucid that the struggling phrases of the mystic take on a new clearness and richness of meaning. No writer from the outside could arouse a greater respect and sympathy for the spiritual life than does Miss Underhill.

Above all she has caught the peculiar charm and individuality of Ruysbroeck himself. He becomes a real, sentient human being, akin to us even if immeasurably greater and more noble. We learn to like him, and to understand the devotion of his many pupils and followers. And reading of the joy he gave and himself experienced, we are inspired to live as he lived and achieve what he achieved.

JOHN BLAKE, JR.

The War and After, by Sir Oliver Lodge. This is a modest little book of some 230 odd pages, sold in London for a shilling, and addressed, not to experts, but the English voter, whose time for reading is so short, whose responsibility is so great. There are three main divisions, The Past; The Present; The Future. The chapters on The Future are of least interest; the issues of the conflict are yet too uncertain to make speculation in futures convincing, however necessary it may have been to meet the demands of the author's local audience. There is much to challenge attention in the rest of the book.

Those of us who are continually asking ourselves—*Does* England understand, as this country so pitifully does ***not,*** the real issues of this war?—may

find reassurance. It is evident that the class of Englishmen whom the author represents *do* see; and his short, terse terms make clear the spiritual significance of the conflict, and its imperative demands.

Perhaps of most interest to readers of the QUARTERLY will be that section of his book in which Professor Lodge handles the problems that confront many Christians whose limited understanding of the Master's mission and teaching has now a wonderful opportunity to broaden and to clear itself—as His will and way are again objectized before the world. What the author says of "Non-resistance and Defensive War"; of "Christianity and Pacifism," has the clear vision and sound interpretation that characterize Mr. Johnston's 'Christianity and War" (a pamphlet published in August by "The Quarterly Book Department"). The reviewer, who is admittedly smarting with shame over the attitude of this country, could wish that these chapters and that pamphlet might be put before every individual in the United States, who, caring more for right and righteousness than for ease and riches, still has "an ear to hear what the Spirit saith." No summary of these chapters can do them justice, but a few sentences taken from them may show their trend.

"It must be remembered . . . that bodily violence in face of wrong was in the Master's case unnecessary; denunciation was sufficient, since his denunciations, unlike ours, were effective . . . There was not a trace of pacifist non-resistance on his part, save in respect of personal injuries. He was not one to wash his hands and excuse himself from intervention when the innocent was unjustly accused, or when confronted with the power of Satan. No, the typical pacifist was Pilate! But, by Christ, the Devil and all his works were resisted to the death."

"It is the divine attributes of Deity that we have to learn, not their merely human aspect only; and some of those attributes are fierce and inexorable. With all the powers of the Universe at His command He can stand by while inhuman tortures are inflicted, and interfere no more than He did at the scourging and the crucifixion.

"Great pain can evidently be tolerated by One who sees both before and after, with far-reaching vision. Death and bodily pain are not the worst of evils; and slaughter—even wholesale slaughter—is from time to time permitted, if thereby evils can be eradicated from humanity which otherwise would remain dormant."

"God acts in accordance with law and order; if evil is to be exterminated, it is exterminated by means, and by appropriate and available means. When there was a revolt in heaven, orthodox people are given to understand that it was put down by suitable means, by contest and violence; in other words by war. It was not tolerated nor treated leniently."

"The privilege has been granted to us to be not slaves but sons; . . . and not only for individuals but for the whole human race on this planet, if it chooses, there remains a magnificent era. The will of God shall yet be done on earth, some day, when it has become the human will likewise. In no other way can it be done; and this present distress is moving us all nearer to the time . . . when all shall serve Him from the least to the greatest and when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." P.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY are invited to send questions to be answered in this Department, or to submit other answers to questions already printed where their point of view differs from or supplements the answers that have been given.

QUESTION 188.—*I am associated in business with a man of whom I am sincerely fond. He has certain obvious faults, which necessarily must stand between himself and spiritual progress. Ought I to call his attention to those faults?*

ANSWER.—Is he trying to make spiritual progress? Has he asked you to call attention to his faults? Do his faults interfere with the success of business in which you and he are mutually interested? My answer to your question must depend upon your answers to my questions. If, in his desire for spiritual progress, he has asked you to call his attention to his faults, you, at great personal sacrifice, would perhaps be willing to grant his request. But I say with intention, "at great personal sacrifice," because no such thing can be done either with safety to yourself, or with benefit to him, unless it be against your inclination and to your own discomfort. If you find the least enjoyment or satisfaction in correcting him, you may be certain (until you become a full disciple) that your motive is wrong and that you had better remain silent.

If your friend's faults interfere with the success of business in which both of you are mutually interested, then, with many apologies for what otherwise would be an unpardonable impertinence, it may be necessary for you to speak to him about them.

But what I wish to emphasize is that those who are old and experienced in the spiritual life are the least inclined to undertake the reformation of other people. It is the novice who suffers from "Reformer's itch"—a terrible disease, which accounts for quite a large part of the world's unpleasantness and of the world's discontent. "Save us from our friends," is a cry heard even more frequently in Heaven (I suspect), than on earth. The angels are notoriously conservative. At most epochs of history, they are positively reactionary. At least, "thus have I heard." And, strange as it may seem, if you see a fault in your friend—the seeing of which is often inevitable and in no sense wrong—what happens is that your sudden and perhaps unusual illumination attracts the attention of the angels to *you*. Think of that! For they see all sorts of things—faults included; and many of those faults as yet unrecognized—certainly unconquered. And because the angels are one-ideaed, they do not see the other man at all, and cannot work with you on him but only (so sad is life!) with you on yourself.

When it is your duty to attempt to reform others, it will be a perpetual crucifixion, for which you will be glad and grateful as best you can—because it is crucifixion, and because, occasionally, though very infrequently, you will see

in those you have tried so hard to help, some promise of the resurrection which crucifixion alone makes possible.

But beware, meanwhile, of Reformer's itch. Do not, of course, be indifferent. Desire, pray, sacrifice. But of all sacrifices let that of words come first. Learn to keep silent.

The Beatitudes were given to disciples. There are others, more elementary. One of them is: "Blessed are those who mind their own business."

E. T. H.

QUESTION 189.—*Why are our moments of inspiration only momentary—why do barriers immediately arise? Is it because we lack will-power to hold fast to what we have experienced or is the cause outside of ourselves?*

ANSWER.—The answer would seem to be that the cause is Karma; or, to say the same thing in other words, the cause is the condition of the psychic body. In our Karma, or in the psychic body, there are accumulated impulses, tendencies, desires, impurities, from "unnumbered tens of millions of past births," as Shankaracharya quaintly says. When, through our aspiration, which is the answer of our wills to the spiritual Power impressing us from above, the psychic clouds break for a moment, the ray of light comes through. Then, in the light of that inspiration, we set about the long and arduous task of purification, turning self-will into divine will. As a result of that effort, and of the spiritual Power above, which ceaselessly helps and urges us, the clouds break again and more light comes. More effort, more light: that is the rule. The time will come for unbroken sunshine, when, in the words of Ecclesiastes, "nor the clouds return after the rain."

It is without doubt *possible* for the will to be so full of fiery strength, that the effort is practically continuous and unbroken; but it is also supremely difficult. On the one hand, we must not court discouragement by assuming tasks which are practically beyond our power; on the other, we must not be limp and lazy, telling ourselves that such efforts are too hard. There is a golden mean. Practically, we never do as well as we could, if we tried—therefore, let us *try harder!*

C. J.

QUESTION 190.—*For some time I fought against "spiritual contagion," regarding it as a form of hypnosis; my question then was, to what extent is the element of hypnotism found in so-called spiritual contagion?*

ANSWER.—It would seem to be true that all "contagion," whether physical, lower-psychic, higher-psychic, or spiritual, depends on the unity of all life, on the primordial Oneness. Unless there were unity of natural life between cattle and men, vaccination would be impossible, just as the use of cow's milk for food would be impossible. So with the lower-psychic, such as mob-feeling. There must be a great deal in common among the members of the mob, in order that "mob-consciousness" may be evoked. There was a basis of truth in the contention of the old lady who refused to weep at a moving sermon because "she didn't belong to that parish." So that any and every form of "contagion" is simply the setting in motion of a part of one's nature, by the same nature, already in motion, in someone else. The voice of someone who speaks to me, sets in motion the air, and then the nerves in my ear, and I hear his words. So we are ceaselessly impressed from outside, just as Saint Paul says, "No man liveth to himself alone, or dieth to himself alone." The practical question, therefore, is: What kind of impressions am I receiving from outside? Are they such as arouse better sides of my nature, or worse sides? Do they raise me or lower me? Strengthen or weaken me? If they arouse and strengthen my spiritual nature in such a way as to *bring forth fruit,* then without doubt they are good, and to be welcomed.

C. J.

QUESTION 191.—*In the "Bhagavad Gita," the Master says, "Among sacrifices, I am the sacrifice of unuttered (interior) prayer." Does this mean that interior prayer is the most excellent sacrifice? Why?* ("*Bhagavad Gita*," 10, 25.)

ANSWER.—Perhaps because, in interior prayer, one offers one's heart, one's aspiration, one's love. The contrast is with the sacrifices of the temples, "the blood of bulls and of goats." We may compare with this, another protest against an external sacrificial system:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? said the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Wash ye, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well. . . . (Isaiah, 2, 11, 16.)

Or this:

"For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psalms, 51, 16-17.)

Or this:

"Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. . . . Is it such a fast that I have chosen? . . . Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?" (Isaiah 5,8 4-7.) C. J.

QUESTION 192.—*How and when are disciples initiated?*

ANSWER—The following from *The Path* for September, 1889, page 187, seems to answer the question:

"WHAT IS THE DAILY INITIATION?"

"It is supposed by some that initiation is always and in every case a set and solemn occasion for which the candidate is prepared and notified of in advance. While there are some initiations surrounded by such solemnities as these, the daily one, without success in which no aspirant will ever have the chance to try for those that are higher, comes to the disciples with almost each moment. It is met in our relations with our fellows; and in the effects upon us of all the circumstances of life. And if we fail in these, we never get to the point where greater ones are offered. If we cannot bear momentary defeat, or if a chance word that strikes our self-love finds us unprepared, or if we give way to the desire to judge others harshly, or if we remain in ignorance of some of our most apparent faults, we do not build up that knowledge and strength imperatively demanded from whoever is to be master of nature.

It is in the life of every one to have a moment of choice, but that moment is not set for any particular day. It is the sum total of all days; and it may be put off until the day of death, and then it is beyond our power, for the choice has then been fixed by all the acts and thoughts of the lifetime. We are self-doomed at that hour to just the sort of life, body, environment, and tendencies which will best carry out our karma. This is a thing solemn enough, and one that makes the "daily meditation" of the very greatest importance to each earnest student. But all of this has been said before, and it is a pity that students persist in ignoring the good advice they receive.

Do you think that if a Master accepted you He would put you to some strange test? No, he would not; but simply permitting the small events of your life to have their course, the result would determine your standing. *It may be a child's school, but it takes a man to go through it.*

HADJI ERINN."

T·S·ACTIVITIES

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editorial Board publishes the following letters from Germany, reference to which will be found in "The Screen of Time" in this issue of the QUARTERLY. "The Screen of Time" in the July issue also dealt with this subject, referring particularly to those provisions of the Constitution of The Theosophical Society which have any bearing on this discussion.

BERLIN, July 31, 1915.

To the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society.

DEAR MR. JOHNSTON—The Secretary of the Theosophical Society has probably informed you that we (at least the Berlin members) have not received a copy of the January number of the QUARTERLY. It reached, however, an Austrian member, and he had the kindness to send it to me. On reading "Screen of Time" I was pained to learn that our magazine had become involved in political matters.

By-Law 35 of our Constitution contains the following: "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes." In conformity with this I ask you to kindly request the editors of the QUARTERLY to refrain hereafter from publishing political articles in the organ of the Theosophical Society. There exist good reasons for inserting this By-Law in our Constitution, and a member, although he has a right to his personal opinions, can involve the Society in political disputes by writing articles of a political character in the organ of the Society. It is true that every writer is himself responsible for what he writes, but the editorial department should take precautions that no article whatever is published which is contrary to the spirit and principles of the Theosophical Society. Political articles, however, violate this spirit, because they show partiality for one nation or individual to the detriment of another. They awake opposition and disputes, thus undermining the chief object of the Society: 'to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood."

I wish purposely to make no reference to the contents of "Screen of Time," as it would be doing that against which we are protesting. It is our opinion that no information about the events of this war with its complicated political background is or can be at present authentic and complete. When relied upon it will only lead to groundless condemnation on hearsay, which is surely a sin for every earnest Theosophist. Is it not better to let the Great Law and the Masters, who can look deeper into the true causes of the present war, pronounce judgment? Is it not better, instead of inciting one nation against another, to endeavor to point to that which is above nationality? Is it not better to compare the weakness of a nation with our own weaknesses and to remember that we ourselves, in reality, are a part of every nation? How often have we been told that we can achieve nothing through criticism, because it is negative! We have been told to seek the good in others and so strengthen the positive and bring it nearer the ideal of Unity, thus realizing the chief aim of the Theosophical Society.

This is the reason why H. P. B. so firmly insisted on the prohibition of politics

in the Theosophical Society. In an official article signed by H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott are found the following words:

"The tenacious observance by the Founders of our Society of the principle of absolute neutrality, on its behalf, in all questions which lie outside the limits of its declared 'objects,' ought to have obviated the necessity to say that there is a natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics. . . . So convinced am I that the perpetuity of our Society—at least in countries under despotic or to any degree arbitrary Governments—depends upon our keeping closely to our legitimate province, and leaving Politics 'severely alone,' I shall use the full power permitted me as President-Founder to suspend or expel every member or even discipline or discharter any Branch which shall, by offending in this respect, imperil the work now so prosperously going on in various parts of the world."

I am positive that all earnest members of the Theosophical Society sincerely believe that this is just as true now and must be as strictly obeyed to-day as in those days when H. P. B. was alive.

Very sincerely and fraternally,
PAUL RAATZ,
"Sekretär der Vereinigung deutscher Zweige der Theosophichen Gesellschaft."

DRESDEN, May 20, 1915.

The January QUARTERLY (1915) came to hand only a few days ago and so it is only now that we can take cognizance of the article under "On the Screen of Time."

We protest primarily against the appearance at all of such a political article in the QUARTERLY, as in our opinion, it is a violation of Art. II of the Constitution of the T. S. as also of No. 34 of the By-Laws.

We further protest against the acceptance of an article having a certain political tendency, because such an article is likely to create discord among the theosophists of the different nations. The QUARTERLY is—and shall be—the organ of the *original* international T. S.; as such it is our organ too—even if, in spite of the international character of the Society, it appears only in one language for the present, instead of, as more correctly, in two or three. Which it must in future, if it is to be at all possible "to reach *more souls* with the message that goes out through the QUARTERLY," as the Secretary of the T. S. wrote us only recently. This only incidentally.

We further protest against giving out statements in our (German) name before having received our consent. In our opinion it is more correct to wait, until the German theosophists shall themselves define their position to this question. For without prejudicing the right of every member of the T. S. to express his opinion, we truly believe, that only a native born German theosophist can speak on this subject;—one to whom it was given to live through and experience the truly great and incomparable Time here, body and soul.

We protest emphatically against the manner in which our national government, our Emperor and our German Fatherland is assailed, as if they were implements of the Black Lodge. On the contrary, we are inclined to seek the tools of the Black Lodge there, where the lines for judgment, laid down in the words of the Master of Nazareth, "By their fruits ye shall know them," compel us to find them.

We further protest against "such articles" appearing in the organ of our international T. S., for they do *not* serve the theosophical ideas so often propounded and clearly explained by our esteemed members: Prof. Mitchell and Ch. Johnston: "to emphasize that which unites us."

No, the spirit of such an article tends towards discord, separation and doubt and contains the bacillus of decay.

Particularly we members of the "Dresden" Branch—and probably the other German branches too—have always supposed all the branches of our international T. S. to be, midst all this turmoil since outbreak of the War, the only unmoved Poles within the nations' rush (varying Schiller's words: "die einzig ruhenden Pole in der Erscheinung Flucht.") Instead of this we must experience in our own organ something so *incredible* and to us *incomprehensible*. What has become of the practice of the chief purpose of our T. S.: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, nation . . . ?"

We further protest against drawing our great teacher, H. P. B., and in this way, into the discussion; for it was she who said again and again: "Theospohy must be made a living power in our lives." But where is there any trace of her spirit in this article? On the contrary we believe, that were H. P. B. still in the body, she would have expressed an opinion, which would probably have called forth less of the author's admiration of her defence of truth, law and order.

Furthermore it is our opinion that only he can truly judge the situation and events here, who himself has experienced them, but *not* someone who, though calling himself philosopher (*i. e.*, friend of wisdom), declares that his sympathy is with the Allies (English, French and Russians). Consequently not Wisdom's friend, but friend of English, French and Russians. Unnecessary to say more. *Sapienti sat.*

It is also unnecessary to discuss the one-sided remarks about the happenings in and about Belgium, as so much has been cleared up, and History has spoken through its records of subsequent events. We can only say, that with us almost every child going to school is better informed (and not one-sidedly) than the author of this article, in spite of his pretended study of the German White Book. Our government does not need to lie to us and the world—it always endeavors to disseminate the truth, *"intra et extra muros."* It leaves keeping its people deficiently and insufficiently informed, and lying to them to the governments of those nations, who are destined for it by Karma.

As for the rest, we must declare that there is to-day no "official" and "unofficial" Germany. There is only *one*. And our Emperor's words: "Ich kenne keine Parteien, ich kenne nur Deutsche" (I know no parties, I know only Germans) gave expression to a *fact* and were not merely the expression of his wish. Only he who is living here in Germany at this time, can judge of this—only he who has experienced the unanimity of the German people realizes of what immense value this epoch is for Germany and what undreamt of progress the German nation has made in its evolution. Only he who has experienced the workings of charity, the willingness to help, the "one for all and all for one" spirit, can realize that all this can only be the action of the Soul and never the deed of Lower Nature, of Egotism, of the dark side of humanity as the author would have it.

But just because these are all facts that need not shun the "Light of Truth," and just because, as the author says, H. P. B.'s slogan was (and we trust still is!) "Truth," we consider it our duty to join with our great teacher in this call for truth here in our QUARTERLY—and to enlighten erroneous and misinformed interpretation.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, "DRESDEN" BRANCH (GERMANY).

In reply to an earlier letter from Mr. Raatz, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, wrote as follows:

BERGENFIELD, N. J., April 16, 1915.

Mr. Paul Raatz, Berlin, Germany.

DEAR BROTHER RAATZ—I have received your letter of the 20th of March, pro-

testing against what you deem the untheosophical attitude of certain recent articles in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

I confess to being not a little amazed at this protest from you, for though it was, perhaps, to have been expected that you should not now agree with these articles, you have been for so long an earnest member of the Theosophical Society that such a complete misunderstanding of its ideals as your letter reflects ought not to have been possible. However much your present vision may be darkened by the Karmic ties that unite you to your nation, and by the half-knowledge on which alone your judgment of its actions can now be based, this obscuration should not extend to the ideals and principles of the Theosophical Movement. Let me try to go straight to the heart of the matter.

I. You are wrong in thinking it is any part of the Theosophical idea to refrain from taking a decided stand upon great moral issues. The exact opposite is the truth. It is the duty of every Theosophist to attack wrong and evil wherever he may see them: first of all in himself, for there he may see and attack them most directly, but also wherever he may find them. A brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, an unsparing condemnation of crime and corrupt systems of every description, and an endless combat against cant, hypocrisy and injustice of every kind, have been again and again set forth as the duty of all who would call themselves Theosophists. Our love and service of the good mean nothing, and become but an empty pretence and sham, if they do not lead us to hate and attack evil.

II. From the foundation of the Theosophical Society the unsparing condemnation of evil has marked the policy and attitude of all those periodicals that could in any way claim to represent its spirit. There has been no change such as you have imagined in the attitude of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY. If you will turn back, for example, to its articles on Socialism you will see that its policy has been the same throughout. And if you will go still further back to the long series of articles and editorials by Madame Blavatsky, published in *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist,* you will see, in their scathing denunciations, her own steadfast adherence to the duty she so constantly enunciated.

III. It should be needless, in the light of the forty years through which this principle has been illustrated, to point out that it is a requisite of true brotherhood and not a violation of it. It is not a condemnation of individuals but of evil,—of the evil that may take possession of an individual or a community and be made manifest in acts to their own undoing. Confusion upon this point should be impossible to one who has grasped the essentials of Theosophy or who has even read which Madame Blavatsky has written,—as for example, in the article "Is Denunciation a Duty?", *Lucifer,* Vol. III, pages 266-7.

> "We may be told, perhaps, that we ourselves are the first to break the ethical law we are upholding. That our theosophical periodicals are full of 'denunciations,' and Lucifer lowers his torch to throw light on every evil, to the best of his ability. We reply—this is quite another thing. We denounce indignantly systems and organizations, evils, social and religious,—cant above all: we abstain from denouncing persons. The latter are the children of their century, the victims of their environment and of the Spirit of the Age. To condemn and dishonour a man instead of pitying and trying to help him, because being born in a community of lepers, he is a leper himself, is like cursing a room because it is dark, instead of quietly lighting a candle to disperse the gloom. 'Ill deeds are doubled with an evil world'; nor can a general evil be avoided or removed by doing evil oneself and choosing a scapegoat for the atonement of the sins of a whole community. *Hence we denounce these communities,* not their units; we point out the rottenness of our boasted civilization, indicate the pernicious systems of education which lead to it, and show the fatal effects of these on the masses."

IV. One contributing element to your confusion is your mistaken assumption that the questions discussed in the articles to which you take exception are purely political. They constitute, on the contrary, the most grave moral issues that confront the world. Before such issues, neutrality or silence is cowardice and treachery to all for which Theosophy stands. It may be that you cannot see this now, blinded as you are by the Karma of your nationality and by the official suppression and distortion of the truth that keep your countrymen in ignorance. But this is the more and not the less reason why others, not so blinded, and far more fully informed, should state their convictions with all the clearness and force that they can command. To do otherwise would be to betray the very brotherhood we profess, and the time will come when you are no longer blinded and will see this gratefully.

This is the heart of the matter, and I have tried to put it as simply and directly as I could. There are, however, two other points in your letter which it may be well to make clear.

The January issue of the QUARTERLY was not sent to any member in Germany. The reason for this was purely one of consideration for them. It was feared that, in view of the strict German censorship and official suspicion, it might be embarrassing to you and your fellows to receive a magazine through the mails containing a condemnation of your country's attitude and acts. It was this and this alone that caused tne magazine to be withheld.

Technically, no more than morally, is there any basis for your protest. By-Law 35, which you quote, "No member shall in any way attempt to involve the Society in political disputes," is on an exact parity with By-Law 38, "No member of the Theosophical Society shall promulgate or maintain any doctrine as being that advanced or advocated by the Society." In the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, even more prominently than in your own magazine *Theosophisches Leben,* there is displayed the statement: "The Theosophical Society as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document." "On the Screen of Time" is not, and does not purport to be, an official document, so that even were the opinions expressed in it political and not moral, it could in no remotest way be considered as an attempt to involve the Society. As Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society, therefore, I should have no more ground for requesting the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY "to publish no political article in the future" than I should have for requesting him to publish no expression of opinion upon any doctrine whatsoever. Nor is there any ground for your protest against the editorial policy of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY that would not be equally valid as the basis of a protest from our English members against the attitude of the *Theosophisches Leben.* No such protest has been made by our English members,—nor would one be heeded, if made, upon any such grounds as these. The fundamental principle of our Society and of its free platform is that each should be free to uphold the truth and the right as he sees it, and that each should "accord to the beliefs of others that tolerance which they desire for their own." This is your privilege as the editor of *Theosophisches Leben,* and it is also the privilege of the editor of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

Your decision as to the rights and wrongs of the great struggle itself is, of course, a personal matter to be decided by yourself alone, you alone being responsible for your decision. We shall respect it as you should respect ours.

Believe me, as always,

Faithfully and fraternally yours,

(Signed) CHARLES JOHNSTON.

To the Editor of the QUARTERLY.

SIR—Among other achievements of the war I should like to point to the revival in the QUARTERLY of something of H. P. B.'s old-time spirit. We were becoming too mealy-mouthed. We were forgetting that the hard hitting of evil is just as important as enthusiasm for what is good. Madame Blavatsky was absolutely uncompromising. Her editorials in *Lucifer* were sledge-hammer blows for justice, for righteousness, for truth, and she flayed hypocrisy, dogmatism and brutality wherever and whenever she found them. She stirred us out of our sleep, she compelled us to take sides, she loathed the people who were neither hot nor cold. When other means failed, she pounded heat into them by tempestuous abuse. We were needing more of the same spirit. The war has worked it.

Yours truly,

AN OLD TIMER (T. S. 1886).

BOOK NOTES

FRAGMENTS, VOLUME II, by Cavé. The publication date is now set for December 1st; but we still hope that it may be possible to mail the book, before that date, to those who have sent in advance orders. In size and style, Volume II will be uniform with the original volume; the price is also the same, 60 cents.

To those who know Volume I, we would like to suggest that the new volume makes an ideal Christmas book. (We will send it out appropriately wrapped when so ordered.) There were never so many people to whom such a book could be sent, with the assurance that it would be enjoyed and appreciated. The great world conflict is bringing realities home to many who had not time for them before. Now struggle and heroism and pain are freeing many hearts; teaching many to harken for echoes from the inner world.

THE SONG OF LIFE, by Charles Johnston. This little book, long out of print, is so eagerly sought that we are bringing out a new edition, to be ready about December 1st. Price, heavy paper binding, 30 cents.

The new edition of Patanjali's YOGA SUTRAS, with commentary by Mr. Johnston, has suffered some delay because of Mr. Johnston's desire to review the text most thoroughly and to make some additions before there is another printing.

Just published. A pamphlet by Charles Johnston, entitled "Christianity and War." Price, 10 cents. To-day many young men who have been accustomed to consider religion as the special province of their mothers and sisters are asking pointed questions—Did Christ approve of war? What did He say about fighting? Can a man be a good soldier and a good Christian? What was the mission of the Prince of Peace? To these questions and many more heart-searching ones, the author gives clear and convincing statements of the truth as he sees it. Another class of men to whom it will prove of immense interest is that section of the clergy who are familiar with the words of the Master, but doubtful how they should be applied. Single copies will be mailed, postpaid, at ten cents. Customers who wish to do so may send us with their remittance lists of names to which they would like the pamphlet sent; cards will be inserted if they accompany the order.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. The reprint of this article from "The Theosophist" has been unobtainable, for many years. We learned that the indefatigable Secretary T. S. had for some time been sending out typewritten copies of it. That meant too much work. So we have decided to issue it in pamphlet form.

THE QUARTERLY BOOK DEPARTMENT.